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A Hymn of Thanksgiving to Our Lady

By Arthur Symons

To Lady Lovat.

MARY VIRGIN, Mother of Him,
Before whose Sacred Name grows dim
All names now known less sacredly,
He being mystery of mystery.
And, in man's flesh the Son of God,
Who from His youth divinely trod
The earth; for man's sake, deigned to die,
Stretched on a cross against the sky,
Crying in His last agony:
God, God, why hast thou forsaken me?
O Virgin, who hast borne a child,
Look down on her who is so wild,
And lovely and adorable,
A lovely thing most lovable,
Who has loved passionately one,
And unto whom has been given a son:
Look from thy heaven, where angels sing,
And hear this Hymn of Thanksgiving,
Our Lady, if some glory be given
To those who hope for life in heaven,

After the travail of the earth
Be over. One has given birth
To a fair child, her first-born one,
Who is her child, her hope, her son,
And who in prayer kneels before thee,
Rapt in a spiritual ecstasy,
And give to her, out of thy heart of fire,
The one desire of her desire.
Thou knowest what, for all is thine
Who wast a woman and art divine.
Touch thou my lips with fire to sing,
For one, this Hymn of Thanksgiving.

Marie Spiridonova

By Lascelles Abercrombie

A NAME comes out of Russia. As a wind,
Laden with outcry of lamenting seas,
Blows through safe villages
Disturbing sleep, and comfortable ease
Round hearths that warm the winter in men's blood;
For as the crying grief doth pass,
Fiercely it accosts the panes
Of haspèd windows and the hinges strains,
And blanches the clear darkness of the glass
With driven salt and moisture torn from waves:
So burden'd lamentably,
So in a dreadful cry,
And full of weeping, full of agony,
Comes this Russian name against our doors
Out of the night and storming of despair;
Making terrible our comfort here
With sound of a people broken like a sea
On heinous and abominable shores.

Spiridonova! what dread sign art thou?—
Woman, we are afraid of thee!
Too fearful for the brain to endure thou art;
The frighten'd blood, hearing of thee,
Runs from men's limbs to choke the heart.
What art thou, Woman, what sign art thou,
That scarce our ears dare entertain
The proud sorrowing of thy name,
That we forbid all vision of thy pain,
The lightning glory of thy shame,
Into our brains to burn,
And mention not the fearful fame
That goes about the world of thee?
But not as one who shieldeth coward eyes
From some spectre in the night appearing,
All death's grisly badges wearing,

From thee abused and wounded do we turn.
Hurt we shrink, and know ourselves not bold
To face that marvellous agony of thine;
Mortal thought avoideth thee,
And thy immortal injury,
As men whose souls are sicken'd to behold
Splendour unbearable, brightness divine.
Alone thou stoodst, alone with Liberty;
And men filthy with lust and cruelty
Stood round thee, and their evil devoured thee.
Nay, not only with these thou wert alone,
Given not only over to living wickedness,—
The ingenious malices loving to obey
Stupidity upon a throne,
Which saith, "Be you delighted men
To serve me, for I say
Delight yourselves, the cruelties and lusts
That yearn in you delight now utterly,
Be altogether delighted men";—
Not only among these living rages then
Thou and Liberty stood alone.
Up from the hells of infamous memory
To crowd about thy helpless flesh,
Rose the Russian Czars,
Insane, grinning, libidinous, festering,
Vicious diseases of the spirit of man,
Goatish lust, and greed for the cries of torture,—
These that long since had drunk the Russian blood,
These loathsome ghosts also about thee stood,
Come out of death to share
With all the living devils there
Thine anguish that fed them with glee.
Scourgers of women's breasts they were,
Kings who grudged the trade
Their headsmen had in blood and fear,
And oft themselves skilfully made
The fires burn slowly that were burning men,
Forced husbands hang their wives, and had men sawn with cords,
Who could enjoy no lust but ravishing:
Out of their deaths came these, the mighty lords
Of Russia and iniquity,—
Fathers of him who bade
The unarm'd thousands throng to meet his guns;

Out of the nothing of their deaths,
Where wickedness hath no devices,
Came the hideous Czars, to be
By thine anguish hideously
(As demons by the steam of sacrifices)
Embodied again into their old delight
Of fiendishly murdering Liberty.
And it was thee they murder'd, thee
They ravisht with the whole iniquity
That hath been done to Russia by her Czars:
They knew thee, Woman, the living and the dead
Knew thee, that thou art Liberty!
Therefore the risen ghosts of Russian tyranny
Into its living ministers
Thrust all their long-dead hungry cruelty,
That they might wreak it all upon thy head;
But therefore like a light
That will not be endured
Thou art before the vision of mankind;
And thy name passes like a terrible wind
Over our spirits poured
From out the mischievous night
Where Liberty suffers the endless wrong of the world.

And still shall suffer! To speak of thee,
Full as thou art of an unspeakable wound,
Shall be to speak of Liberty.
Rebellion and rebellion and rebellion,
Against the unconquerable always fighting,
Torment always clutching her, always shame
Corroding her, and always in the same
Eternal agony delighting:
This art thou, Woman, for this is Liberty.
For here brutality hath hold of her,
Here where the heavenly desire
Is coarsely held by earth,
Close as in daubing clay water by dust,—
Yea, mixt with an earth of hate that knoweth not to tire;
And she forever were
Govern'd by his detested lust,
But for her furious unsatisfied
Joy in enduring his hot vengeances,
The piercing angers that still dreadfully teach
The fierce, loved penalties

She pays for her rebellious scorn:
But her heart they shall not reach,
Her glorious heart of pride,
Unless they stab with spears
Or pincers tear the flesh from off her side;
Torture shall wring from her no tears
But those lamenting that her crippled strength
Can fight no more at length;
Even then untamed, and fed by Heaven again
With beauty and health and wrath, out of her pain
Liberty leaps, and is once more
Rebellion and rebellion and rebellion.
This art thou, Marie Spiridonova, now:
Liberty's sacred glee
In the midst of her terrible mortal hour,
When she is broken down by the malignant power:
The glee of knowing herself thereby; to be
Delighting in herself as doth divinity;
Even in her passion, kill'd and torn and trodden,
Then most marvellously elate,
Knowing there is no force in worldly fate
Can find her spirit, nor, if it were found,
Can it in any cruelty,
Can it by mighty death himself be bound.

Two Poems

By Ezra Pound

I

The Return

See, they return. Ah, see the tentative
Movements, and the slow feet,
The trouble in the pace and the uncertain
Wavering.

See, they return, one and by one!
With fear, as half awakened,
As if the snow should hesitate,
And murmur in the wind and half turn back.

These were the Winged-with-Awe,
Inviolable!

Gods of the wingèd shoe!
With them the silver hounds,
sniffing the trace of air.
Haie! Haie!
These were the swift to harry.
These the keen-scented!
These were the souls of blood.

Slow on the leash, pallid the leash-men!

II

Apparuit

GOLDEN rose the house, in the portal I saw
thee, a marvel carven in subtle stuff, a
portent. Life died down in the lamp and flickered,
caught at the wonder.

Crimson, frosty with dew the roses bend, where
thou afar, moving in the glamorous sun,
drink'st in life of earth, of the air, the tissue
golden about thee.

Green the ways, the breath of the fields is thine there,
open lies the land, yet the steely going
darkly hast thou dared and the dreaded æther
parted before thee.

Swift at courage, thou in the shell of gold cast-
ing a-loose the cloak of the body, camest
straight. Then shone thine oriel and the stunned light
faded about thee.

Half the graven shoulder, the throat aflash with
strands of light inwoven about it, loveli-
est of all things, frail alabaster, ah me!
swift in departing.

Clothed in goldish weft, delicately perfect!
Gone as wind! The cloth of the magical hands!
Thou a slight thing, though in access of cunning,
dared'st to assume this?

Snap-Dragon

By D. H. Lawrence

She bade me follow to her garden where
The mellow sunlight stood as in a cup
Between the old grey walls: I did not dare
To raise my face, I did not dare look up
Lest her bright eyes like sparrows should fly in
My windows of discovery and shrill "Sin!"

So with a downcast mien and laughing voice
I followed, followed the swing of her white dress
That rocked in a lilt along: I watched the poise
Of her feet as they flew for a space, then paused to press
The grass deep down with the royal burden of her:
And gladly I'd offered my breast to the tread of her.

"I like to see," she said, and she crouched her down,
She sunk into my sight like a settling bird;
And her bosom couched in the confines of her gown
Like heavy birds at rest there, softly stirred
By her measured breaths: "I like to see," said she,
"The snap-dragon put out his tongue at me."

She laughed, she reached her hand out to the flower
Closing its crimson throat: my own throat in her power
Strangled, my heart swelled up so full
As if it would burst its wineskin in my throat,
Choke me in my own crimson: I watched her pull
The gorge of the gaping flower, till the blood did float

Over my eyes and I was blind—
Her large brown hand stretched over
The windows of my mind,
And in the dark I did discover
Things I was out to find:

My grail, a brown bowl twined
With swollen veins that met in the wrist,
Under whose brown the amethyst
I longed to taste: and I longed to turn
My heart's red measure in her cup,
I longed to feel my hot blood burn
With the lambent amethyst in her cup.

Then suddenly she looked up
And I was blind in a tawny-gold day
Till she took her eyes away.

So she came down from above
And emptied my heart of love . . .
So I held my heart aloft
To the cuckoo that fluttered above,
And she settled soft.

It seemed that I and the morning world
Were pressed cup-shape to take this reiver
Bird who was weary to have furled
Her wings on us,
As we were weary to receive her:

This bird, this rich
Sumptuous central grain,
This mutable witch,
This one refrain,
This laugh in the fight,
This clot of light,
This core of night.

She spoke, and I closed my eyes
To shut hallucinations out.
I echoed with surprise
Hearing my mere lips shout
The answer they did devise.

Again, I saw a brown bird hover
Over the flowers at my feet;
I felt a brown bird hover
Over my heart, and sweet
Its shadow lay on my heart.

SNAP-DRAGON

I thought I saw on the clover
A brown bee pulling apart
The closed flesh of the clover
And burrowing in its heart.

She moved her hand, and again
I felt the brown bird hover
Over my heart . . . and then
The bird came down on my heart,
As on a nest the rover
Cuckoo comes, and shoves over
The brim each careful part
Of love, takes possession and settles her down,
With her wings and her feathers does drown
The nest in a heat of love.

She turned her flushed face to me for the glint
Of a moment. "See," she laughed, "if you also
Can make them yawn." I put my hand to the dint
In the flower's throat, and the flower gaped wide with woe.
She watched, she went of a sudden intensely still,
She watched my hand, and I let her watch her fill.

I pressed the wretched, throttled flower between
My fingers, till its head lay back, its fangs
Poised at her: like a weapon my hand stood white and keen,
And I held the choked flower-serpent in its pangs
Of mordant anguish till she ceased to laugh,
Until her pride's flag, smitten, cleaved down to the staff.

She hid her face, she murmured between her lips
The low word, "Don't!" I let the flower fall,
But held my hand afloat still towards the slips
Of blossom she fingered, and my crisp fingers all
Put forth to her: she did not move, nor I,
For my hand like a snake watched hers that could not fly.

Then I laughed in the dark of my heart, I did exult
Like a sudden chuckling of music: I bade her eyes
Meet mine, I opened her helpless eyes to consult
Their fear, their shame, their joy that underlies
Defeat in such a battle: in the dark of her eyes
My heart was fierce to make her laughter rise . . .

Till her dark deeps shook with convulsive thrills, and the dark
Of her spirit wavered like water thrilled with light.
And my heart leaped up in longing to plunge its stark
Fervour within the pool of her twilight:
Within her spacious gloom, in the mystery
Of her barbarous soul, to grope with ecstasy. . . .

And I do not care though the large hands of revenge
Shall get my throat at last—shall get it soon,
If the joy that they are lifted to avenge
Have risen red on my night as a harvest moon,
Which even Death can only put out for me,
And death I know is better than not-to-be.

Portrait of the late Richard Middleton, by E. Masson

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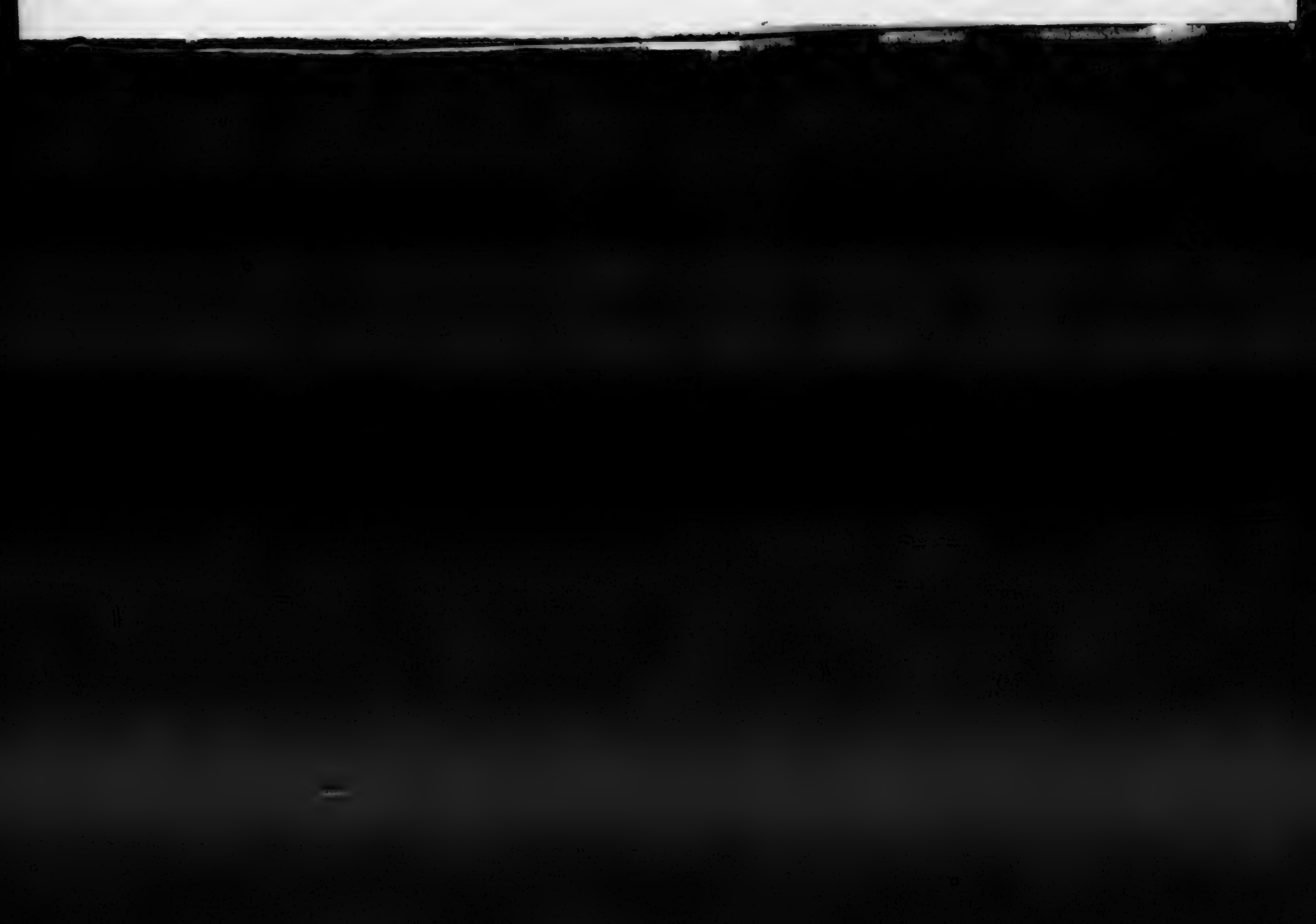

A Memory of the Ancient Time

By W. H. Hudson

THESE recollections are a continuation, the first instalment having appeared a good many years ago under a different title in a magazine no longer in existence. In that first paper the story of my life was brought down to the time when I had just reached the important age of five. I know that this is right, as I heard, years later, that I was just five when we migrated to a new home. The events and impressions there recorded all referred to the two last years in my first home, for beyond that period my memory did not go. Some wonderful persons go back to their second or even their first year; I can't, and could only tell from hearsay what I was and did up to the age of three. According to all accounts, the clouds of glory I brought into the world ceased to be visibly trailed at about that age; I only remember myself as a common little boy—just a little wild animal running about on his hind legs, amazingly interested in the world in which he found himself.

Here, then, I begin, aged five, at an early hour on a bright, cold morning in June—midwinter in that southern country of great plains or pampas; impatiently waiting for the loading and harnessing to be finished, then the being lifted to the top with the other little ones—we were five; finally, the grand moment when the start was actually made with cries and much noise of stamping and snorting of horses and rattling of chains. I remember a good deal of that long journey, which began at sunrise and ended between the lights some time after sunset; for it was my very first, and I was going out into the unknown. I remember how, at the foot of the slope at the top of which the old house stood, we plunged into the river, and there was more noise and shouting and excitement until the straining animals brought us safely out on the other side. Gazing back, the low roof of the house was lost to view before long, but the trees—the row of twenty-four giant ombú-trees which gave the place its name—were visible, blue in the distance, until we were many miles on our way.

The undulating country had been left behind; before us and on both sides the land, far as one could see, was absolutely flat, everywhere green with the winter grass, but flowerless at that season, and with the gleam of water over the whole expanse. It had been a season of great rains, and much of the flat country had been turned into shallow lakes. That was all there was to see, except the herds of cattle and horses and an occasional horseman galloping over the plain, and the sight at long distances of a grove or small plantation of trees, marking the site of an *estancia*, or sheep and cattle farm, these groves appearing like islands on the sea-like flat country. At length this monotonous landscape faded and vanished quite away, and the lowing of cattle and tremulous bleating of sheep died out of hearing, so that the last leagues were a blank to me, and I only came back to my senses when they lifted me down, so stiff with cold and drowsy that I could hardly stand on my feet.

Next morning I found myself in a new and strange world. The house to my childish eyes appeared of vast size: it consisted of a long range of rooms on the ground, built of brick, with brick floors and roof thatched with rushes. The rooms at one end, fronting the road, formed a store, where the people of the surrounding country came to buy and sell, and what they brought to sell was "the produce of the country"—hides and wool and tallow in bladders, horsehair in sacks, and native cheeses. In return they could purchase anything they wanted—knives, spurs, rings for horse-gear, clothing, yerba maté and sugar; tobacco, castor-oil, salt and pepper, and oil and vinegar, and such furniture as they required—iron pots, spits for roasting, cane-chairs, and coffins. A little distance from the house were the kitchen, bakery, dairy, huge barns for storing the produce, and wood piles big as houses, the wood being nothing but stalks of the cardoon thistle or wild artichoke, which burns like paper, so that immense quantities have to be collected to supply fuel for a large establishment.

Two of the smallest of us were handed over to the care of a sharp little native boy, aged about nine or ten years, who was told to take us out of the way and keep us amused. The first place he took us to was the great barn, the door of which stood open; it was nearly empty just then, and was the biggest interior I had ever seen; how big it really

was I don't know, as I didn't measure it, but it seemed to me about as big as Olympia or the Agricultural Hall or the Crystal Palace would to any ordinary little London boy. No sooner were we in this vast place than we saw a strange and startling thing—a man, sitting or crouching on the floor, his hands before him, the wrists tied together, his body bound with thongs of raw hide to a big post which stood in the centre of the floor and supported the beam of the loft above. He was a young man, not more than twenty perhaps, with black hair and a smooth, pale, sallow face. His eyes were cast down, and he paid no attention to us, standing there staring at him, and he appeared to be suffering or ill. After a few moments I shrank away to the door and asked our conductor in a frightened whisper why he was tied up to a post there. Our native boy seemed to be quite pleased at the effect on us, and answered cheerfully that he was a murderer—he had committed a murder somewhere, and had been caught last evening, but as it was late to take him to the lock-up at the village, which was a long distance away, they had brought him here as the most convenient place, and tied him in the barn to keep him safe. Later on they would come and take him away.

Murder was a common word in those days, but I had not at that time grasped its meaning; I had seen no murder done, nor any person killed in a fight; I only knew that it must be something wicked and horrible. Nevertheless, the shock I had received passed away in the course of that first morning in a new world; but what I had seen in the barn was not forgotten: the image of that young man tied to the post, his bent head and downward gaze, and ghastly face shaded by lank, black hair, is as plain to me now as if I had seen him but yesterday.

A little back from the buildings were gardens and several acres of plantation—both shade and fruit trees. Viewed from the outside, it all looked like an immense poplar grove, on account of the double rows of tall Lombardy poplar-trees at the borders; inside there was a great variety of trees and bushes large and small, with open spaces, little thorny thickets, a patch of canes—a little canebrake—a very graceful plant like a reed, about thirty feet high. Then there were many old red willows, a native tree which grows to a great size; paradise trees, with loose, feathery, dark foliage and purple flowers, deliciously

fragrant. There were some hundreds of old, very large peach-trees, big as old cherry-trees in England, and a few apple, pear, and plum trees. Also many old mulberry-trees. What all these fruit-trees were to be to me I could not know until March, and that was eight months ahead. But the tree that made the deepest impression—pricking its image on me, so to speak—was the black acacia, a rare species. It had been planted originally to form a hedge, as an experiment, a possible improvement on the disorderly aloe, by some former owner of the place fifty or sixty years before; but it is a wild, lawless plant, and had refused to form a proper hedge. Some of the plants had remained small—dwarf, scraggy bushes; others had sprung up like the fabled beanstalk, and were as tall as the poplars. These tall ones had very slender boles, and threw out their wiry, horizontal branches of great length on all sides from the roots to the crown, the branches and the bole itself being armed with thorns two to four inches long, hard as iron, black or chocolate-brown, polished and sharp as needles, and to make itself more dangerous each long thorn had two other smaller thorns growing out of it near its base, so that every thorn was in shape like a round dagger with a cross-guard to the handle. A terrible tree to climb, yet when I got a little older I had to climb it a thousand times, since there were certain birds who would make their nests in it, and as high up as they could—birds that laid eggs beautiful to see, like those of the Guira cuckoo, of a turquoise-blue flecked with snow-white.

Up till now I had lived without trees with the exception of those twenty-four I have spoken of, which formed a landmark for all the country round; so that this great number, hundreds and thousands, of trees was a marvel and delight. How great a joy they were to be I did not yet know; they were all of deciduous kinds, but in about two to three months the poplars and several trees of other kinds would begin to open their young leaves, each kind giving out its own peculiar, enchanting smell; and, better still, the whole peach orchard would be clothed in millions of rose-pink blossoms as in a cloud, and the little yellow-green field finches, called *misto* in the vernacular, would congregate in tens of thousands on the blossoming sprays and sing in concert by the hour, producing a most wonderful, heavenly noise.

The whole of the ground containing the buildings and

trees was surrounded by a huge foss or ditch about forty feet wide and eighteen feet deep, usually with a good deal of water in it, haunted in winter by teal and widgeon; but the banks on both sides were everywhere honeycombed with rat-holes, also some larger diggings made by opossums and armadillos. It was a paradise of rats, as I very soon discovered. Our little native guide and instructor was full of the subject, and promised to let us see the rats with our own eyes as soon as the sun went down; that would finish the day of strange sights with the strangest of all.

Accordingly, when the time came he led us to a spot beyond the barns and wood-piles, where all the offal of slaughtered animals, bones, and unconsumed meats from the kitchen, and rubbish from a wasteful, disorderly establishment, were cast out each day. Here we all sat down in a row on a log among the dead weeds on the border of the evil-smelling place, and he told us to be very still and speak no word; for, said he, unless we move or make a sound the rats will not heed us; they will regard us as so many wooden images. And so it proved, for very soon after the sun had gone down we began to see rats stealing out of the wood-pile and from the dead weeds on every side, all converging to that one spot where a generous table was spread for them and for the brown carrion hawks that came by day. Big, old, grey rats with long, scaly tails, others smaller, and smaller still, the least of all being little bigger than mice, until the whole place swarmed with them, all busily hunting for food, feeding, squealing, fighting, and biting. I had not known that the whole world contained so many rats as I now saw congregated before me.

Suddenly our guide jumped up and loudly clapped his hands, which produced a curious effect—a short, sharp little shriek of terror from the busy multitude, followed by absolute stillness, every rat frozen to stone, which lasted for a second or two; then a swift scuttling away in all directions, vanishing with a rustling sound through the dead grass and wood.

It had been a fine spectacle, and we enjoyed it amazingly; it raised *Mus decumanus* to a beast of immense importance in my mind. Soon he became even more important in an unpleasant way when it was discovered that rats were abundant indoors as well as out. The various noises they made at night were terrifying; they would run over our beds, and sometimes we would wake

up to find that one had got in between the sheets and was trying frantically to get out. Then we would yell, and half the house would be raised and imagine some dreadful thing. But when they found out the cause, they would only laugh at and rebuke us for being such poor little cowards.

But what an astonishing place was this to which we had come! The great house and many buildings and the people in it, the foss, the trees that enchanted me, and the dirt and disorder, the vile rats and fleas and pests of all sorts! The place had been for some years in the hands of a Spanish or native family—indolent, careless, happy-go-lucky people. The husband and wife were never in harmony or agreement about anything for five minutes together, and by-and-by he would go away to the capital "on business," which would keep him from home for weeks, and even months, at a stretch. And she, with three light-headed, grown-up daughters, would be left to run the establishment with half a dozen hired men and women to assist her. I remember her well, for she remained a few days on the scene in order to hand over the place to us—an excessively fat, inactive woman, who sat most of the day in an easy-chair surrounded by her pets—lap-dogs, Amazon parrots, and several shrieking parakeets.

Has the reader ever gone back in mind to a long journey or ramble on a horse or a bicycle or on foot, after a month or a year or several years, and tried to recall it all in the very order in which it came before him—the image of every house and village and town and hill and stream and wood—the whole scene—and every person he met and conversed with, and every incident of the journey? If so, he has been surprised, and perhaps annoyed, to find how little of it remained. It was perhaps a most delightful ramble, and he would like to go over it all again mentally; but he can't move on from place to place. He arrives at a spot and sticks there, and when he attempts to move on, finds himself a dozen or twenty miles or further away from it, and so on to the end; the blank spaces or gaps take up nearly the whole of the distance gone over. Yet the scenes that have not vanished come back vividly to the mind. It is the same when we try to recall our early years; after that first day of new experiences and excitement in our new home there follows a space which is all but a blank, so few and faint are the surviving memories of it, which must have lasted quite three months. The death of Cæsar was the

next thing I remember well; it was indeed the most important event in my childhood—the first thing in my young life which brought the eternal note of sadness in. It was in the early spring—August or September—and I can even remember that it was windy weather and bitterly cold for the time of year.

Cæsar was an old and valued dog, although of no "breed"—just a common dog of the country, short-haired, with long legs and a blunt muzzle. The ordinary dog was about the size of a Scotch collie; Cæsar was quite a third larger, and it was said of him that he was as much above all other dogs of the house, numbering about twelve or fourteen, in intelligence and courage as in size. Naturally, he was the leader and master of the whole pack, and when he got up with an awful growl, baring his teeth, and hurled himself on the others to chastise them for quarrelling or any other infringement of dog law, they took it lying down. He was a black dog, now in his old age sprinkled with white hairs all over his body, the face and legs having gone quite grey. Cæsar in a rage, or on guard at night, or when driving cattle in from the plains, was a terrible being; with us children he was mild-tempered and patient, allowing us to ride on his back. Now, in his decline he grew irritable and surly, and ceased to be our playmate. The last two or three months of his life were very sad, and when it troubled us to see him so gaunt, with his big ribs protruding from his sides, to watch his twitchings when he dozed, groaning and wheezing the while, and marked, too, how painfully he struggled to get up on his feet, we wanted to know why it was so—why we could not give him something to make him well? For answer they would open his great mouth to show us his teeth—the big, blunt canines and old molars worn down to stumps. Old age was what ailed him—he was thirteen years old, and that did verily seem to me a great age, for I was scarcely half that, yet it seemed to me that I had been a very long time in the world.

No one dreamed of such a thing as putting an end to him—no hint of such a thing was ever spoken. I remember his last day, and how often we came to look at him and tried to comfort him with warm rugs and the offer of food and drink where he was lying in a sheltered place, no longer able to stand up. And that night he died; we knew it as soon as we were up in the morning. Then, after

breakfast, during which we had been very solemn and quiet, Mr. Triggle said: "We must bury him to-day—at twelve o'clock, when I am free, will be the best time; the boys can come with me, and old John can bring his spade." This announcement greatly excited us, for we had never seen a dog buried, and had never even heard of such a thing having ever been done.

But who was Mr. Triggle? I have not mentioned him before, but he was for me, at that time, one of the most important persons in the world. An Englishman, as the shrewd reader has probably already divined from the name; a short, round, fat little man, with grey hair, clean-shaven, sunburnt face, a crooked nose which had been broken or was born so, mobile mouth, and blue-grey eyes with a merry twinkle in them, and crow's-feet at the corners. Only to us youngsters that humorous face and the twinkling eyes were capable of a terrible sternness. He was loved, I think, by adults generally, and regarded with feelings of an opposite nature by children. For he was a schoolmaster, who hated and despised teaching as much as children in the wild hated to be taught. He followed teaching because all work was excessively irksome to him, yet he had to do something for a living, and this was the easiest thing he could find to do. How such a man ever came to be so far from home in a half-civilised country was a mystery. But there he was, a homeless man after twenty or thirty years on the pampas, with little or no money in his pocket, and no belongings except his horse and its cumbrous native saddle and the saddlebags, in which he kept his wardrobe and whatever he possessed besides. He didn't own a box. On his horse, with his saddlebags behind him, he would journey about the land, religiously avoiding the houses of natives, but visiting all the English, Scotch, and Irish settlers, who were mostly sheep-farmers. And by-and-bye he would find a house where there were children old enough to be taught their letters, and Mr. Triggle would be hired by the month, like a shepherd or cowherd, to teach them, living with the family. He would go on very well for a time, his failings being condoned for the sake of the little ones; but by-and-bye there would be a falling out, and Mr. Triggle would saddle his horse, buckle on the saddlebags, and ride forth over the wide plain in quest of a new home. With us he made an unusually long stay; he liked good living and comforts generally, and at the

same time he was interested in the things of the mind; and now he found himself in a very comfortable house, where there were books to read and people to converse with who were not quite like the rude sheep- and cattle-farmers he had been accustomed to live with. He was on his best behaviour, and no doubt strove hard and not unsuccessfully to get the better of his weaknesses. He was looked on as a great acquisition, and made much of; in the schoolroom he was a tyrant, and having been forbidden to punish us by striking, he restrained himself when to thrash us would have been a great relief to him. But pinching was not striking, and he would pinch our ears until they almost bled. It was a poor punishment and gave him little relief, but it had to serve. Out of school his temper would change as by magic. He was then the life of the house, a delightful talker with an inexhaustible fund of good stories, a good reader and mimic as well. Every evening, when the evenings were long, he would give a two-hours' reading to the household. Dickens' works were then the most popular books in the world, and he usually read Dickens, to the great delight of his listeners. "What should we do without Mr. Triggle?" our elders said; we little ones wished Mr. Triggle far, far away. Perhaps they made too much of him; at all events, he fell into the habit of going away every Saturday and not coming home till the following Monday. His week-end visit was to some English or Scotch neighbour, a sheep-farmer, ten or fifteen or twenty miles distant, where the bottle or demijohn of white Brazilian rum was always on the table. At home there was only tea and coffee to drink. From these outings he would return on Monday morning, sober and dignified in manner, but with inflamed eyes, and (in the schoolroom) the temper of a devil. On one of these occasions, something—our stupidity, perhaps, or an exceptionally bad headache—tried him beyond endurance, and taking down his native horsewhip, made of raw hide, from the wall, he began laying it on us with such fury that the room was in an uproar, and someone came in and told us to go and play—school was over for good.

This happy deliverance did not come until long months after the old dog's death and burial; at that time Mr. Triggle was still highly regarded in the house.

About noon that day old Cæsar, dead and stiff, was carried by one of the workmen to a green open spot among

the old peach-trees, where his grave had been dug. We followed with our schoolmaster, and the body was lowered and the earth shovelled in. The grave was deep, and Mr. Triggle assisted in filling it up, puffing very much over the task, and stopping often to mop his scarlet face with his big coloured cotton handkerchief. Then, when all was done, while we were still standing silently round, Mr. Triggle, his hand resting on his spade, improved the occasion by remarking very solemnly: "That's the end of old Cæsar, and that will be our end—be put into the ground and the earth shovelled on us."

Now these simple, common words affected me more than any other words I have heard in my life. They pierced me to the heart. I had heard something terrible—too terrible to think of, incredible—and yet—and yet if it was not so, why had he said it? Was it because he hated us, just because we were children and he had to teach us our lessons, and wanted to torture us? Alas! no, I could not believe that! Was this, then, the horrible fate that awaited us all? I had heard of death—I knew there was such a thing; I knew that all animals had to die, also that some men died. For how could anyone, even a child in its sixth year, overlook such a fact, especially in the country of my birth—a land of battle, murder, and sudden death? I had not forgotten the young man tied to the post in the barn who had killed someone, and would perhaps, I had been told, be killed himself as a punishment. I knew, in fact, that there was good and evil in the world, good and bad men, and the bad men—murderers, thieves, and liars—would all have to die, just like animals; but that there was any life after death I did not know. All the others, myself and my own people included, were good, and would never taste death. How it came about that I had got no further in my system or philosophy of life I cannot say; I can only suppose that my mother had not yet begun to give me instruction in such matters on account of my tender years, or else that she had done so and that I had understood it in my own way. Yet, as I discovered later, she was a religious woman, and from infancy I had been taught to kneel and say a little prayer each evening: "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep"; but who the Lord was and what my soul was I had no idea. It was just a pretty little way of saying in rhyme that I was going to bed. My world was a purely material one, and a

most wonderful world it was, but how I came to be in it I didn't know; I only knew (or imagined) that I would be in it always, seeing new and strange things every day and never, never get tired of it. In literature it is in Traherne alone that I find any adequate expression of the perpetual rapturous delight in nature and my own existence I experienced as a child.

And now those never-to-be-forgotten words spoken over the grave of our old dog had come to awaken me from that beautiful dream of perpetual joy!

When I recall this event I am less astonished at my ignorance than at the intensity of the feeling I experienced, the terrible darkness it brought on so young a mind. The child's mind we think, and, in fact, know, is like that of the lower animals; or if higher than the animal mind, it is not so high as that of the simplest savage. He cannot concentrate his thought—he cannot think at all; he revels in colours, in odours, is thrilled by touch and taste and sound, and is like a well-nourished pup or kitten at play on a green turf in the sunshine. This being so, one would have thought that the pain of the revelation I had received would have quickly vanished—that the vivid impressions of external things would have blotted it out and restored the harmony. But it was not so; the pain continued and increased until it was no longer to be borne; then I sought my mother, first watching until she was alone in her room. Yet when with her I feared to speak lest with a word she should confirm the dreadful tidings. Looking down, she all at once became alarmed at the sight of my face, and began to question me. Then, struggling against my tears, I told her of the words which had been spoken at the old dog's burial, and asked her if it was true, if I—if she—if all of us had to die and be buried in the ground? She replied that it was not wholly true; it was only true in a way, since our bodies had to die and be buried in the earth, but we had an immortal part which could not die. It was true that old Cæsar had been a good, faithful dog, and felt and understood things almost like a human being, and most persons believed that when a dog died he died wholly and had no after-life. We could not know that; some very great, good men had thought differently; they believed that the animals, like us, would live again. That was also her belief—her strong hope; but we could not know for certain, because it had been hidden from us. For ourselves, we

knew that we could not really die, because God himself, who made us and all things, had told us so, and his promise of eternal life had been handed down to us in his Book—in the Bible.

To all this and much more I listened trembling, with a fearful interest, and when I had once grasped the idea that death when it came to me, as it must, would leave me alive after all—that, as she explained, the part of me that really mattered, the myself, the I am I, which knew and considered things, would never perish, I experienced a sudden immense relief. When I went out from her side again I wanted to run and jump for joy and cleave the air like a bird. For I had been in prison and had suffered torture, and was now free again—death would not destroy me!

There was another result of my having unburdened my heart to my mother. She had been startled at the poignancy of the feeling I had displayed, and, greatly blaming herself for having left me too long in that ignorant state, began to give me religious instruction. It was too early, since at that age it was not possible for me to rise to the conception of an immaterial world. That power, I imagine, comes later to the normal child at the age of ten or twelve. To tell him when he is five or six or seven that God is in all places at once and sees all things, only produces the idea of a wonderfully active and quick-sighted person, with eyes like a bird's, able to see what is going on all round. A short time ago I read an anecdote of a little girl who, on being put to bed by her mother, was told not to be afraid in the dark, since God would be there to watch and guard her while she slept. Then, taking the candle, the mother went downstairs; but presently her little girl came down too, in her nightdress, and, when questioned, replied, "I'm going to stay down here in the light, mummy, and you can go up to my room and sit with God." My own idea of God at that time was no higher, although I could not have expressed it so charmingly. The girl-child, compared with the boy, is a clever, fascinating little animal. I would lie awake thinking of Him there in the room, puzzling over the question as to how He could attend to all His numerous affairs and spend so much time looking after me. Lying with my eyes open, I could see nothing in the dark; still, I knew He was there, because I had been told so, and His presence troubled me. But no sooner would I close my eyes than His image would appear standing at a

distance of three or four feet from the head of the bed, in the form of a column five feet high or so and about four feet in circumference. The colour was blue, but varied in depth and intensity; on some nights it was sky-blue, but usually of a deeper shade, a pure, soft, beautiful blue like that of the morning-glory or wild geranium.

It would not surprise me to find that many have some such material image or presentment of the spiritual entities they are taught to believe in at too tender an age. Recently, in comparing childish memories with a friend, he told me that he too always saw God as a blue object, but of no definite shape.

That blue column haunted me at night for many months; I don't think it quite vanished, ceasing to be anything but a memory, until I was seven—a date far, far ahead of where we are now.

To return to that second blissful revelation which came to me from my mother. Happy as it had made me to know that death would not put an end to my existence, my state after the first joyful relief was not one of perfect happiness. All she said to comfort and make me brave had produced its effect—I knew now that death was but a change to an even greater bliss than I could have in this life. How could I, not yet six, think otherwise than she had told me to think, or have a doubt? A mother is more to her child than any other being, human or divine, can ever be to him in his subsequent life. He is as dependent on her as any fledgling in the nest on its parent—even more, since she warms his callow mind or soul or well as body.

Notwithstanding all this, the fear of death came back to me in a little while, and for a long time disquieted me, especially when the fact of death was brought sharply before me. These reminders were only too frequent; there was seldom a day on which I did not see something killed. When the killing was instantaneous, as when a bird was shot and dropped dead like a stone, I was not disturbed; it was nothing but a strange, exciting spectacle, but failed to bring the fact of death home to me. It was chiefly when cattle were slaughtered that the terror returned in its full force. And no wonder! The native manner of killing a cow or bullock at that time was peculiarly painful. Occasionally it would be slaughtered out of sight on the plain and the hide and flesh brought in by the men, but, as a rule, the beast would be driven up close to the house to

save trouble. One of the two or three mounted men engaged in the operation would throw his lasso over the horns, and, galloping off, pull the rope taut; a second man would then drop from his horse, and running up to the animal behind, pluck out his big knife and with two lightning-quick blows sever the tendons of both hind legs. Instantly the beast would go down on his haunches, and the same man, knife in hand, would flit round to its front or side, and, watching his opportunity, presently thrust the long blade into its throat just above the chest, driving it in to the hilt and working it round; then when it was withdrawn a great torrent of blood would pour out from the tortured beast, still standing on his fore-legs, bellowing all the time with agony. At this point the slaughterer would often leap lightly on to its back, stick his spurs in its sides, and, using the flat of his long knife as a whip, pretend to be riding a race, yelling with fiendish glee. The bellowing would subside into deep, awful, sob-like sounds and chokings; then the rider, seeing the animal about to collapse, would fling himself nimbly off. The beast down, they would all run to it, and throwing themselves down on its quivering side as on a couch, begin making and lighting their cigarettes.

Slaughtering a cow was grand sport for them, and the more active and dangerous the animal, the more prolonged the fight, the better they like it; they were as joyfully excited as at a fight with knives or an ostrich hunt. To me it was an awful object-lesson, and held me fascinated with horror. For this was death! The crimson torrents of blood, the deep, human-like cries, made him appear like some huge, powerful man caught in a snare by small, weak, but cunning adversaries, who tortured him for their delight and mocked him in his agony.

There were other occurrences about that time to keep the thoughts and fear of death alive. One day a traveller came to the gate, and, after unsaddling his horse, went about sixty or seventy yards away to a shady spot, where he sat down on the green slope of the foss to cool himself. He had been riding many hours in a burning sun, and wanted cooling. He attracted everybody's attention on his arrival by his appearance: middle-aged, with good features and curly brown hair and beard, but huge—one of the biggest men I had ever seen; his weight could not have been under about seventeen stone. Sitting or reclining on the

grass, he fell asleep, and rolling down the slope fell with a tremendous splash into the water, which was about six feet deep. So loud was the splash that it was heard by some of the men at work in the barn, and, running out to ascertain the cause, they found out what had happened. The man had gone under and did not rise; with a good deal of trouble he was raised up and drawn with ropes to the top of the bank.

I gazed on him, lying motionless, to all appearances stone dead—the huge, ox-like man I had seen less than an hour ago when he had excited our wonder at his great size and strength, and now still in death—dead as old Cæsar under the ground with the grass growing over him! Meanwhile the men who had hauled him out were busy with him, turning him over and rubbing his body, and after about twelve to fifteen minutes there was a gasp and signs of returning life, and by-and-bye he opened his eyes. The dead man was alive again; yet the shock to me was just as great and the effect as lasting as if he had been truly dead.

Another instance which will bring me down to the end of my sixth year and the conclusion. At this time we had a girl in the house whose sweet face is one of a little group of half a dozen which I remember most vividly. She was a niece of our shepherd, an Argentine woman married to an Englishman, and came to us to look after the smaller children. She was nineteen years old, a pale, slim, pretty girl, with large dark eyes and abundant black hair. Margarita had the sweetest smile imaginable, the softest voice and gentlest manner, and was so much loved by everybody in the house that she was like one of the family. Unhappily she was consumptive, and after a few months had to be sent back to her aunt. Their little place was only half a mile or so from the house, and every day my mother visited her, doing all that was possible with such skill and remedies as she possessed to give her ease and providing her with delicacies. The girl did not want a priest to visit her and prepare her for death; she worshipped her mistress, and wished to be of the same faith, and in the end she died a pervert or convert, according to this or that person's point of view.

The day after her death we children were taken to see our beloved Margarita for the last time; but when we arrived at the door, and the others following my mother went in, I alone hung back. They came out and tried to

persuade me to enter, even to pull me in, and described her appearance to excite my curiosity. She was lying all in white, with her black hair combed out and loose, on her white bed, with our flowers on her breast and at her sides, and looked very, very beautiful. It was all in vain. To look on Margarita dead was more than I could bear. I was told that only her body of clay was dead—the beautiful body we had come to say good-bye to; that her soul—she herself, our loved Margarita—was alive and happy, far, far happier than any person could ever be on this earth; that when her end was near she had smiled very sweetly, and assured them that all fear of death had left her—that God was taking her to Himself. Even this was not enough to make me face the awful sight of Margarita lifeless; the very thought of it was an intolerable weight on my heart; but it was not grief that gave me this sensation, much as I grieved for her; it was solely my fear of death.

It was a miserable feeling; nevertheless, I was not miserable excepting on such occasions as these, when the fact of death was forced on my mind and terror possessed me. Nor did this state of apprehension endure very long: before the end of that eventful year it began to grow less and less by degrees, and eventually I came to be like other children of my age, and, like people generally, indifferent to death. At all events, I know that I was deliriously happy on my birthday, when I had a gift of a pony from my father. After a week's practice I could ride on his bare back and make him go at a gallop without falling off every five minutes. Then came the longer, more difficult task of learning to climb on when there was nobody to lift me on to his back. A small native boy, to the manner born, taught me the trick; I threw off my shoes to use my toes, as Nature teacheth, in holding on by the inequalities in the pony's leg, the slippery little steps of the ladder by means of which I got to the summit. Once I was able to get on unaided, I was free to ride out over the plain and enter into a new and larger life.

Altogether, up to this time, mine had been an exceedingly happy life, in spite of that dreadful fear, and of Mr. Triggle, and other ills that little children are heirs to. And this reminds me of a passage in an old poet of a distant land, which suggested the title of this article. "O breeze of the morning," cries the poet, "blow me a memory of the ancient time!" And he goes on to say that if after

a thousand years its odour—the odour of that ancient blissful season of childhood—should float over his dust, his gladdened bones would rise up and dance in the sepulchre. It is a cry which finds an echo in every human heart, or, at all events, in the heart of everyone whose childhood was passed in natural conditions, in green surroundings, the wilder the better, where the child's instinctive impulses and appetites had free play.

Co-operation

By E. M. Forster

"Don't thump," said Miss Haddon. "And each run ought to be like a string of pearls. It is not. Why is it not?"

"Ellen, you beast, you've got my note."

"No, I haven't. You've got mine."

"Well, whose note is it?"

Miss Haddon looked between their pigtails. "It is Mildred's note," she decided. "Go back to the double bars. And don't thump."

The girls went back, and again the little finger of Mildred's right hand disputed for middle G with the little finger of Ellen's left.

"It can't be done," they said. "It's the man who wrote it's fault."

"It can easily be done if you don't hold on so long, Ellen," said Miss Haddon.

Four o'clock struck. Mildred and Ellen went, and Rose and Enid succeeded them. They played the duet worse than Mildred, but not as badly as Ellen. At four-fifteen Margaret and Jane came. They played worse than Rose and Enid, but not as badly as Ellen. At four-thirty Dolores and Violet came. They played worse than Ellen. At four-forty-five Miss Haddon went to tea with the Principal, who explained why she desired all the pupils to learn the same duet. It was part of her new co-operative system. The school was taking one subject for the year, only one—Napoleon—and all the studies were to bear on that one subject. Thus—not to mention French and History—the Repetition class was learning Wordsworth's political poems, the literature class was reading extracts from *War and Peace*, the drawing class copied something of David's, the needlework class designed Empire gowns, and the music pupils—they, of course, were practising Beethoven's Eroica Symphony, which had been begun (though not finished) in honour of the

Emperor. Several of the other mistresses were at tea, and they exclaimed that they loved co-operating, and that it was a lovely system: it made work so much more interesting to them as well as to the girls. But Miss Haddon did not respond. There had been no co-operation in her day, and she could not understand it. She only knew that she was growing old, and teaching music worse and worse, and she wondered how soon the Principal would find this out and dismiss her.

Meanwhile, high up in heaven Beethoven sat, and all around him, ranged on smaller clouds, sat his clerks. Each made entries in a ledger, and he whose ledger was entitled "Eroica Symphony: arranged for four hands by Carl Müller," was making the following entries:—"3.45, Mildred and Ellen; conductor, Miss Haddon. 4.0, Rose and Enid; conductor, Miss Haddon. 4.15, Margaret and Jane; conductor, Miss Haddon," and so on.

Beethoven interrupted. "Who is this Miss Haddon," he asked, "whose name recurs like the beat of a drum?"

"She has interpreted you for many years."

"And her orchestra?"

"They are maidens of the upper middle classes, who perform the Eroica in her presence every day and all day. The sound of it never ceases. It floats out of the window like a continual incense, and is heard up and down the street."

"Do they perform with insight?"

Since Beethoven is deaf, the clerk could reply, "With most intimate insight. There was a time when Ellen was further from your spirit than the rest, but that has not been the case since Dolores and Violet arrived."

"New comrades have inspired her. I understand."

The clerk was silent.

"I approve," continued Beethoven, "and in token of my approval I decree that Miss Haddon and her orchestra and their audience shall this very evening hear a perfect performance of my most advanced string quartette."

While the decree was being entered, and while the staff was wondering how it would be executed, a scene of even greater splendour was taking place in another part of the empyrean. There Napoleon sat, surrounded by his clerks, who were so numerous that the thrones of the outermost looked no larger than cirro-cumuli clouds. They were busy entering all the references made on earth to their

employer, a task for which he himself had organised them. Hitherto it was a prosperous firm.

The clerk whose ledger was entitled "Hommages de Wordsworth," cried: "5.0, Mildred, Ellen, Rose, Enid, Margaret, and Jane all recited the sonnet, 'Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee.' Dolores and Violet attempted to recite it, but failed."

"The poet there celebrates my conquest of the Venetian Republic," said the Emperor, "and the greatness of the theme overcame Violet and Dolores. It is natural that they should fail."

Another clerk said, "5.15, Mildred, Ellen, Rose, Enid, Margaret, and Jane are sketching in the left front leg of Pauline Buonaparte's couch. Dolores and Violet are still reciting 'The gorgeous East.'"

"It seems to me," said Napoleon, "that I have heard these charming names before."

"They are in my ledger, too," said a third clerk. "You may remember, sire, that about an hour ago they performed Beethoven's Eroica ——"

"Written in my honour," interrupted the Emperor. "I approve."

"5.30," said a fourth clerk, "with the exception of Dolores and Violet, who have been set to sharpen pencils, the whole company sings the 'Marseillaise.'"

"It needed but that," cried Napoleon, rising to his feet. "These young ladies have a true impulse towards glory. I decree in recompense that they and all their suite shall participate to-morrow morning in the victory of Austerlitz."

The decree was entered.

Evening prep. was at 7.30. The girls settled down gloomily, for they were already bored to tears by the new system. But a wonderful thing happened. A regiment of cavalry rode past the school, headed by the most spiffing band. The girls went off their heads with joy. They rose from their seats, they sang, they advanced, they danced, they pranced, they made trumpets out of paper and used the blackboard as a kettledrum. They were able to do this because Miss Haddon, who ought to have been supervising, had left the room to find a genealogical tree of Marie Louise; the history mistress had asked her particularly to take it to prep. for the girls to climb about in, but she had forgotten it. "I am no good at all," thought Miss Haddon, as she stretched out her hand for

the tree; it lay with some other papers under a shell which the Principal had procured from St. Helena. "I am stupid and tired and old; I wish that I was dead." Thus thinking, she lifted the shell mechanically to her ear; her father, who was a sailor, had often done the same to her when she was young. . . .

She heard the sea; at first it was the tide whispering over mud-flats or chattering against stones, or the short, crisp break of a wave on sand, or the long, echoing roar of a wave against rocks, or the sounds of the central ocean, where the waters pile themselves into mountains and part into ravines; or when fog descends and the deep rises and falls gently; or when the air is so fresh that the big waves and the little waves that live in the big waves all sing for joy, and send one another kisses of white foam. She heard them all, but in the end she heard the sea itself, its very essence, and knew that it was hers for ever and ever.

"Miss Haddon!" said the Principal. "Miss Haddon! How is it you are not supervising the girls?"

Miss Haddon removed the shell from her ear, and faced her employer with a growing determination.

"I can hear Ellen's voice though we are at the other side of the house," she continued. "I half thought it was the elocution hour. Put down that paper-weight at once, please, Miss Haddon, and return to your duties."

She took the shell from the music mistress's hand, intending to place it on its proper shelf. But the force of example or some other force caused her to raise it to her own ear. She, too, listened. . . .

The Principal was the daughter of an old county family. She heard the rustling of trees in a wood. It was no wood that she had ever known, but all the people she had known were riding about in it, and calling softly to each on horns. It was night, and they were hunting. Now and then beasts rustled, and once there was an Halloo and a chase, but more often her friends rode quietly, and she with them, penetrating the wood in every direction and for ever.

And while she heard this with one ear, Miss Haddon spoke as follows into the other:

"I will not return to my duties. I have neglected them ever since I came here, and once more will make little difference. I am not musical. I have deceived the pupils

and the parents and you. I am not musical, but pretended that I was to make money. What will happen to me now I do not know, but I can pretend no longer. I give notice."

The Principal was surprised to learn that her music mistress was not musical; the sound of pianos had continued for so many years that she had assumed all was well. In ordinary circumstances she would have answered scathingly, for she was an accomplished woman, but the murmuring forest caused her to reply, "Oh, Miss Haddon, not now; let's talk it over to-morrow morning. Now, if you will, I want you to lie down in my sitting-room while I take preparation instead, for it always rests me to be with the girls."

So Miss Haddon lay down, and as she dozed the soul of the sea returned to her. And the Principal, her head full of forest murmurs, went to the preparation-room, and gave her cough three times before she opened the door. All the girls were at their desks except Dolores and Violet, and them she affected not to notice. After a time she went to fetch the tree of Marie Louise, which she had forgotten, and during her absence the cavalry passed again. . . .

In the morning Miss Haddon said, "I still wish to go, but I wish I had waited to speak to you. I have had some extraordinary news. Many years ago my father saved a man from drowning. That man has just died, and he has left me a cottage by the edge of the sea, and money to live in it. I need not work any more; so if only I had waited till to-day I could have been more civil to you and"—she blushed a little—"to myself."

But the Principal shook her by both hands and kissed her. "I am glad that you did not wait," she said. "What you said yesterday was a word of truth, a clear call through the thicket. I wish that I, too——" She stopped. "But the next step is to give the school a whole holiday."

So the girls were summoned, and the Principal made a speech, and Miss Haddon another, giving everyone the address of the cottage, and inviting them to visit her at it. Then Rose was sent to the pastrycook's for ices, and Enid to the greengrocer's for fruit, and Mildred to the sweet-shop for lemonade, and Jane to the livery stables for brakes, and they all drove out an immense distance into the country, and played disorganised games. Everyone

hid and nobody sought; everyone batted and nobody fielded; no one knew whose side she was on, and no mistress tried to tell her; and it was even possible to play two games at once, and to be Clumps in one and Peter Pan in the other. As for the co-operative system, it was never mentioned, or mentioned in derision. For example, Ellen composed a song against it, which ran :—

Silly old Boney
Sat on his Pony,
  Eating his Christmas Pie,
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
  And said, "What a good boy am I,"

and the smaller girls sang it without stopping for three hours.

At the end of the day the Principal summoned the whole party round Miss Haddon and herself. She was ringed with happy, tired faces. The sun was setting, the dust that the day had disturbed was sinking. "Well, girls," she said, laughing, but just a little shy, "so you don't seem to value my co-operative system?"

"Lauks, we don't!" "Not much!" and so on, replied the girls.

"Well, I must make a confession," the Principal continued. "No more do I. In fact, I hate it. But I was obliged to take it up, because that type of thing impresses the Board of Education."

At this all the mistresses and girls laughed and cheered, and Dolores and Violet, who thought that the Board of Education was a new round game, laughed too.

. . . . . .

Now it may be readily imagined that this trivial yet discreditable affair did not escape the attention of Mephistopheles. At the earliest opportunity he sought the Judgment Seat, bearing an immense synopsis in his hand. Half-way up he met the angel Raphael, who asked him in his courteous manner whether he could help him in any way.

"Not this time, thank you," Mephistopheles replied. "I really have a case now."

"It might be better to show it to me," suggested the archangel. "It would be a pity to fly so far for nothing, and you had such a disappointment over Job."

"Oh, that was different."

"And then there was Faust; the verdict there was ultimately against you, if I remember rightly."

"Oh, that was so different again. No, I am certain this time. I can prove the futility of genius. Great men think that they are understood, and are not; men think that they understand them, and do not."

"If you can prove that, you have indeed a case," said Raphael. "For this universe is supposed to rest on co-operation, all creatures co-operating according to their powers."

"I have four main points. One: Beethoven decrees that certain females shall hear a performance of his string quartette. They hear—some of them a band, others a shell. Two: Napoleon decrees that the same shall participate in the victory of Austerlitz. Result—a legacy, followed by a school treat. Three: Females perform Beethoven. Being deaf, and being served by dishonest clerks, he supposes they are performing him with insight. Four: To impress the Board of Education, females study Napoleon. He is led to suppose that they are studying him properly. I have other points, but these will suffice. The genius and the ordinary man have never co-operated once since Abel was killed by Cain."

"And now for your case," said Raphael, sympathetically.

"My case?" stammered Mephistopheles. "Why, this is my case."

"Oh, innocent devil," cried the other. "Oh, candid if infernal soul. Go back to the earth and walk up and down it again. For these people have co-operated, Mephistopheles. They have co-operated through the central sources of Melody and Victory."

A New Study of English Poetry

By Henry Newbolt

III

POETRY AND PERSONALITY.*

THE question which I am now proposing to discuss is one of those generally described as controversial. Certainly it has often in the past been the subject of controversy: there have been ardent and even violent partisans of the Classical and the Romantic, the Objective and the Subjective, the Impersonal and the Personal in Art. But I believe that while this long war has been going on, the *casus belli* has in reality disappeared: the world has so changed that neither a purely Greek nor a purely Mediæval method could make any claim to give it the poetry which it needs. I shall therefore treat the controversy simply as a matter of history, and put it forth only as an introduction —one of those studies which are necessary to the full understanding of the present position of poetry and its immediate outlook.

The impersonal theory, the objective view of art, has the prestige of a Greek ancestry, and it had at first undisputed possession of the field. It was, of course, only a theory. In practice the Greek artist, like every other human artist, expressed in his work the intuitions of his own spirit: but this was not the account given of him by his contemporary critics; his sole aim, according to them, was to produce a certain effect upon his audience. What, then, was the criterion by which his work was to be estimated? Was success in art to be gauged by popularity? The mere suggestion was painful to the Greeks, and they made, as their followers have ever since made, violent mental contortions in order to escape it. Sometimes they summoned to their aid a phantom called The Universal: sometimes they referred everything to the decision of The Cultivated Man. That is to say, they

* For previous papers see THE ENGLISH REVIEW for January and March, 1912.

replaced the common jury they despised by an imaginary judge, whose qualifications were to be exactly those which every critic would naturally like to think his own. The man who has been educated—in the proper way: educated in your own sense of the word—is not he the umpire you would prefer, if you cannot decide the case for yourself? And does not the system work well in practice? In questions of literature especially, is not the verdict of the cultivated the one which ultimately prevails? Let us admit at once that it does prevail, and is likely to prevail, in the majority of cases; but let us not forget that in those rarer and far more critical moments when a new light dawns in the sky, when a new world is discovered or created, the judgment which relies on tradition can only be right by accident, by coincidence, and is, in fact, too often obstinately and fiercely wrong. Whenever poetry appears which is both new and strong, the power which can appreciate it is not the power of learning or of educated taste; it is the power of insight, of sympathy with the human spirit seeking expression.

This was not seen by the Greeks; perfect as their art was within its own limitations, their theory remained blindly objective. The late Professor Butcher, in his admirable edition of Aristotle's *Poetics*, has pleaded for them that they were only blind of one eye. A work of art, he argued, may either be an expression of the artist, or it may be "a realisation of its own idea," and so objectively perfect. The Greeks saw *that*, at any rate, and were therefore, he argued, right on one point out of two. But, we may ask, what is the "idea" of a work of art, apart from the idea of its author? Alice-through-the-Looking-Glass was indignant at being told that she was "only a thing in the Red King's dream"; and she was right, for *she* was the living personality, and he, as it turned out, only a thing in *her* dream. Is a poem or a picture a living personality that it should have an idea of its own, and "realise" that idea? Such playing with words is not only futile, but dangerous. This particular fallacy has long been the ruin of criticism. "He has not caught the idea of the thing"—that is how we constantly hear it in the vernacular, or, more crudely still, "that is not *my* idea of it." The artist, then, is successful if he expresses the critic's idea, or the traditional idea, of the subject; unsuccessful if he expresses his own, and his own happens to be

original! Happily this menial theory has had little hold on the poets. Not that they have altogether escaped it; in every age there have been examples of the great objective fallacy, huge examples of mere builder's mania, often piled up in response to a call from the critics, or from Philistine patrons, a call for "the more ambitious forms of creative work." If only it were "creative"! If only these vast follies had had built into them some of the personality, the subjective distinction, which continually save an *Æneid* or a *Paradise Lost* from the Limbo of those Epics which, as Gaston Paris said, "have the misfortune not to exist."

But in the main the poets have gone the poet's way: ancient or modern, they have all lived with one life, the life of the spirit. The Greek and Latin poets themselves will bear this out. I appeal to one who knows them well. Professor Mackail, in his Oxford Lectures, after telling us that "the pure Greek mind was the least romantic of all in history," and that in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* "the personal note is as completely absent as it can possibly be from any piece of human workmanship," goes on to make admissions which show that the possibility is far from being complete. The *Iliad* is instinct with a certain "ardour" from beginning to end: "this ardour is what sets it apart from all other poetry."* In the *Odyssey* there is romance, a survival from the Middle Age of Greece; there are personal touches, too, eloquent of personal experience. When we read of "the poor maid-servant in Ithaca who . . . had to go on grinding all night," we know that there is here "a touch of something actual that had come to the poet himself and struck sharply through him the sense of the obscure labour and unsung pain that underlie the high pageant of life, war, and adventure."† Later he speaks of the "incommunicable personal quality" which Theocritus brought to poetry,‡ and in his Introduction to the *Greek Anthology* he traces the development of the psychological element down to Meleager, "so curiously akin to the mediæval poets."

The same critic tells us of Lucretius that "the poet's own extraordinary personality kindles his whole work"§; and in his delightful book on Latin Literature he has sharply outlined the personal characters of the Roman lyrical poets: the "clear and almost terrible simplicity"

* *Greek Poetry*, p. 38. † *Ibid.*, p. 36. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 192.
§ *Ibid.*, p. 198.

with which Catullus expresses his own feeling, and "which is the essential charm of his lyrics": the "studied and unintermitted mediocrity" of Horace "only redeemed from dulness by the perpetual felicity": the reappearance in Propertius of the essential spirit of Meleager, his "abandonment to sensibility," his "absorption in self pity and the sentiment of passion": the "gentleness and sincerity" of Tibullus—that "Virgil without the genius": and the rhetoric, good humour, bad taste, and obstinate puerility of Ovid, so strangely beloved by the men of the Middle Ages and—less strangely perhaps—by the author of *Paradise Lost*. In these brilliant portraits there is no concealment of the subjective element, or of its vital importance.

I need not go on to trace the poetry of personal experience through the early ages of modern Europe. While the Greek theory never quite faded out of memory, the practice of art gave it the lie everywhere, and nowhere so unhesitatingly as in England. The English poets were humble and assiduous borrowers of form, but what they borrowed they adapted without scruple, and their achievement, if not their purpose, was almost always personal. The time came when they even realised this consciously—the first sonnet of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* has been for three centuries the credo of English romanticism:

> Loving in truth and fain in verse my love to show,
> That she, deare Shee, might take some pleasure of my paine—
> Pleasure might cause her reade, reading might make her know,
> Knowledge might pitie winne, and pitie grace obtaine—
> I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe,
> Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertaine,
> Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
> Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sunburn'd brain.
>
> But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's stay:
> Invention, Nature's childe, fled stepdame Studie's blowes:
> And others' feet still seemed but strangers in my way.
> Thus great with child to speak, and helpless in my throwes,
> Biting my trewand pen, beatinge myselfe for spite—
> Foole, said my Muse to me, looke in thy heart and write.

If the language here is a little old-fashioned, the meaning is not; it is the same as that in Rossetti's *House of Life:*

> By thine own tears thy song must tears beget
> O Singer! Magic mirror hast thou none
> Except thy manifest heart; and save thine own
> Anguish and ardour, else no amulet.
>
> Cistern'd in Pride, verse is the feathery jet
> Of soul-less air-flung fountains: nay, more dry
> Than the Dead Sea, for throats that thirst and sigh,
> That song o'er which no singer's lids grew wet.

But this, it may be said, is poetry, not argument: what of the controversy—the controversy has not been carried on in sonnets. True: but the poets have taken part in it, and their opinions, even in prose, have been expressed with great clearness and force. Let me first give a brief report of the debate, and then return to our illustrations.

"Personality *versus* impersonality in Art—how much or how little of one's self one may put into one's work: whether anything at all of it: whether one can put there anything else—is clearly a far-reaching and complex question." So Pater wrote,* but unfortunately the case of Prosper Merimée, which he was then considering, was one too simple and too limited to draw from the critic the far-reaching complex judgment which we should have followed with such spellbound interest. "Merimée," he contents himself with saying, "like his creations, had no atmosphere about him: gifted as he was with pure mind, with the quality which secures flawless literary structure, he had nothing of what we call *soul* in literature: hence also the singular harshness in his ideal" . . . "thus vindicating anew that much worn but not untrue saying that the style is the man—a man impassible, unfamiliar, impeccable . . . his personality is itself but an effective personal trait, and transferred to art becomes a markedly peculiar quality of literary beauty." This comment is sufficient for its purpose: it makes the given exception prove the rule by showing that it is in reality no exception at all: but it is not an argument from principles. Elsewhere, however, Pater goes deeper. "Truth," he exclaims in his *Essay on Style*, "Truth—there can be no merit, no craft at all without that. And further, all Beauty is in the long run only *fineness* of truth, and what we call expression the finer accommodation of truth to that vision within." And again, "To give the phrase, the sentence, the structural member, the entire composition song or essay a similar unity with the subject and with itself—style is in the right way when it tends towards that. All depends upon the original unity, the vital wholeness and identity, of the initiatory apprehension or view." It is from this standpoint that his appreciation of Wordsworth is delivered.† "In much of what Wordsworth said in exaltation of rural life he was but pleading indirectly for that sincerity, that perfect fidelity to one's own inward presentations, to the precise features

* *Miscellaneous Studies*, p. 28. † *Appreciations*, pp. 50, 51.

of the picture within, without which any profound poetry is impossible. . . . And so he has much for those who value highly the concentrated presentment of passion, who appraise men and women by their susceptibility to it, and art and poetry as they afford the spectacle of it."

This was certainly Wordsworth's own point of view: in the best known of his Prefaces he says, "All good Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings . . . by a man . . . who has also thought long and deeply. . . . Our thoughts are the representatives of all our past feelings." This leads on to the famous saying that "Poetry takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity." Still further on he says, "Its object is truth, not individual and local, but general and operative: not standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion." And in an Appendix, while discoursing on his favourite "Natural Diction," he says, "The earliest poets . . . wrote from passion excited by real events . . . feeling powerfully as they did, their language was daring and figurative . . . in succeeding times Poets, perceiving the influence of such language and desirous of producing the same effect without being animated by the same passion, set themselves to a mechanical adoption of these figures of speech . . . a language was thus produced differing materially from the real language of men in *any* situation."

The danger of forsaking the inner light, of relying on something external, something which is not the language of the heart's experience, the danger, or rather the impossibility, of severing expression from personality, was often present to the mind of Goethe. In one of his Conversations with Eckermann he says, "The style of a writer is a true impression of his inner self: if anyone would write a clear style let him first have clearness in his soul, and if anyone would write a great style let him see to it that he has a great character."

In another Conversation he puts it even more strongly. "It is the personal character of the writer that brings his meaning before his readers, not the artifices of his talent." And in a passage quoted by Matthew Arnold he says, "The artist must work from within outwards, seeing that, make what contortions he will, he can only bring to light his own individuality . . . only in this way is it possible to be original."

Matthew Arnold himself was perhaps on this question a man of two moods: but he speaks decidedly enough in his essay on Joubert. "And yet," he asks, "what is really precious and inspiring, in all that we get from literature, except the sense of an immediate contact with genius itself?" He could hardly otherwise have accepted Joubert at all, for Joubert's is a very dogmatic creed. "Objects should never be described except for the purpose of describing the feelings which they arouse in us, for language ought to represent at the same moment the thing and the author, the subject and the thought. Everything that we say ought to be dyed with us, with the soul of us. This process is a long one, but it immortalises all."* This reminds us of Coleridge's "infallible test of a blameless style—its untranslateableness in words of the same language without injury to the meaning. For," he adds, "language is framed to convey not the object alone, but likewise the character mood and intentions of the person who is representing it."

I have chosen these quotations from a multitude of the same kind because they are thoroughly typical, and because though they are all on the same side they do not all cover exactly the same ground. The points they lay down are actually four. First, that in art there is no beauty but truth, truth of expression, fidelity to the personal vision. Second, that the basis of great poetry is, originally and typically, the recollection of personal experience. Third, that the perfect expression of our intuitions can only be achieved by a free personality, never by external means such as artifice of form or diction. Fourth, that the reason of this lies in the nature of language, which in literature is necessarily dyed with the personality of the writer.

There is nothing to surprise us in these opinions: they are reasonable and coherent, they are born of great minds and great experience, they fit precisely into the theory of poetical art which we have on two previous occasions been endeavouring to outline. Yet we have all met, and we shall no doubt again meet from time to time, with individual views and even with whole schools of criticism, which would seem at first sight to take a contradictory line throughout. The impersonal view of art, as it is called, appears in many forms—or rather there are many different

* *Pensées*, p. 314.

opinions claiming that title, either singly or in very personal and characteristic groups. We need not, however, spend time in collecting them, for they are, as it happens, all expressed in the writings of a single representative critic, and expressed, too, with the utmost possible force and conviction. For anyone who happens to be interested both in literary method and in human nature, there can hardly be four more fascinating volumes than those which contain the Correspondence of Gustave Flaubert. The superficial reader will be at once either convinced or revolted, according to his temperament, by the vehemence of the preaching; those who have patience to analyse and compare the crucial passages will find that while Flaubert has rather disproved than proved his main thesis, he has in the process broken it up into its diverse elements and solved the problem piecemeal without knowing it.

Let us see, to begin with, what he has to say to our four propositions:

"There is no such thing as beautiful thought without beautiful form; and the converse is also true."*

"This is why there are neither beautiful subjects nor ugly ones, and why we can almost lay it down as an axiom, from the purely artistic point of view, that there are none such, style being in itself an absolute way of seeing things."†

"Form is the very body of thought, just as thought is the soul of life."‡

"Poetry is but a way of perceiving external objects, a special organ which sifts matter, and without changing it yet transfigures it. Well, if you look at the world solely through this glass, the world will be coloured with its colour, and you will find that the words you choose for expressing your feeling will be in a kind of inevitable accord with the facts which called it forth."§

These are unexceptionable articles of faith: Pater himself could not have hesitated to sign thirty-nine of them. In the next also Flaubert seems to be curiously near to Wordsworth:

"I must wait, and get some distance away from these impressions, if I am to be able to reproduce them to myself artistically, ideally, and so without risk either to myself or to what I am working at."

* *Correspondence*, I., 157.
† *Correspondence*, II., 71. ‡ *Ibid.*, II., 187. § *Ibid.*, II., 193.

But this method, though sound in principle and constantly adopted by him in practice, was unfortunately inconsistent with the theory to which he had committed himself. The result was, as he naïvely confesses, a laborious struggle. "I am not working badly," he says on one occasion, "that is to say I am putting plenty of heart into it, but it is difficult to express well what one has never felt—it takes long preparatory studies and a devilish lot of brain-squeezing."* This arduous process he naturally avoided whenever he could—he even took sittings from his own family for his characters, and went long distances by train to acquire the experience of certain kinds of scenery.

Still, in spite of these and other inconsistencies, the great Impersonal Theory had him in its grip, and it is time to hear his statement of it. "There are," he says,† "two kinds of poets. The greatest, the rare ones, the true masters, sum up humanity: they are not preoccupied with themselves or their own passions, they put their own personality into the background in order to absorb themselves in the personalities of others; they reproduce the Universe, which is reflected in their works with all its glitter and variety and multiplicity . . . there are others who have only to create, and they achieve harmony; to weep, and they move us; to think about themselves, and they are immortal. Possibly if they were to do anything else they might not go quite so far; but while they lack breadth they have ardour and dash: in short, if they had been born with a different temperament probably they would not have had genius at all. Byron was of this family, Shakespeare of the other: who can tell me what Shakespeare loved, betrayed, or felt? . . . Then at other times we are vain enough to believe that we, like Montaigne or Byron, have only to say what we think or feel in order to create beauty: and this last is perhaps the best plan for people who have originality."

This does not carry us very far, interesting though it is. The examples given do not bear examination. Shakespeare in his plays, his *Lucrece*, his *Venus and Adonis*, is no doubt more impersonal than Byron in *Manfred* or *Childe Harold*: but the Sonnets show conclusively that his method was objective or subjective, according to the work in hand. In *Venus and Adonis* his

Correspondence, II., 149. † *Ibid.*, I., 180.

art is merely plastic: in the Sonnets it is intimate and intense, a personal confession which becomes universal because of its deep sincerity, and because it is "carried alive into the heart by passion." Byron was not more intimate or more intense: his inferiority lay in the fact that he was often trivial, flippant, irrelevant, and never knew it. He, and his imitator, Alfred de Musset, who was especially obnoxious to Flaubert, might well be quoted to warn us, not against the revelation of personality, but against the introduction of mere "personalities"—that is, of trivial and impertinent details or remarks—into a work of art. Then Montaigne, instead of helping Flaubert on this point, is a totally adverse witness. He *is* all details and remarks: but in his work of art they cannot be trivial or impertinent, for they are the book, and the book is Montaigne, the minute revelation of a personality.

There is, however, another famous page* in Flaubert's letters, which throws a further light upon the working of his mind here:

"Nothing is more feeble than to put personal feelings into a work of art. Follow this axiom out, step by step . . . you will see, I tell you, you will see how your horizon will widen . . . once sow your own self broadcast among them all, and your characters will live: instead of a personality everlastingly declaiming, and not able even to keep that up thoroughly, because it is continually running short of precise details, by reason of the disguises in which it travesties itself—instead of this, your works will give crowds of real human beings. How often have I been jarred by the poetising of what I would much rather have had in its natural simplicity? Why put on the everlasting insipid expression of the poet—the more like the type it is, the nearer it gets to being a mere abstraction; that is to say, a thing anti-artistic, anti-plastic, anti-human, and therefore in reality anti-poetical, no matter how much word-craft you put into it."

"I mean to say," he goes on, "that if you follow this new line, you will soon perceive that you have suddenly gained centuries in maturity, and you will think it a pitiful method to sing about yourself. That comes off now and then in a single cry, but for all the lyrical gift of, say, Byron, how crushingly Shakespeare sweeps him aside with his more than human impersonality! You can't even tell

* *Correspondence*, II., 75.

whether he was grave or gay. The true artist should manage to make posterity believe that he never existed."

This is, I think, the really central passage in Flaubert's labyrinth of literary criticism. It is, of course, not a judgment in scientific form, delivered with responsibility—it is a volley of phrases fired off in an intimate letter, rapid, careless, combative. What it does is not in reality to lay down the right method—the right method has been plain enough since Shakespeare, to say nothing of Sophocles—but this repeated outbreak of Flaubert's is a challenge, a protest, against inartistic and vulgar writers of his own time. This protest is in its essence consistent with the principles of which I have already spoken. It may fairly be paraphrased as follows: It is feeble to drag into your work any feeling or opinion which does not properly come within its artistic scope. The strong artist will put all his powers into his creation, and produce all his effect through it. He will not, as it were, stand beside his picture in person, advertising himself, and giving details, whether amusing or instructive, which are not to be found in his work or which are irrelevant to it. The true artist will try to make his audience forget that he has any existence outside his art. Above all, he will not pose: he will not claim to be listened to as a poet, because he takes "the poetic view." You cannot be a poet by profession, principle, formula, or convention. Every poet takes a poetic view—his own: there is no such thing as "the poetic view": it is a mere abstraction (like the Economic Man), a thing anti-human, anti-artistic, anti-poetical—because, we may surely add, it is impersonal.

There is, however, one more touch, one more point in the protest. The lyrical gift, the gift of "the single cry"—Flaubert felt bound to belittle that. It was so dangerous, and especially dangerous to himself. It might lead to gush, it might trouble his vision just when he most wanted to see life steadily and see it in detail. It was a weakness to which he knew himself liable. "There are in me," he says,* "literally two chaps quite distinct: one of them is all for throaty notes, lyrical moods, grand eagle-flights, every kind of sonorous phrase and top-high notion. The other digs and grubs with all his might for actuality—he would like, if he could, to give you almost the physical sensation of the things he represents."

* *Correspondence*, II., 69.

This, in my view, is the precise point where Flaubert, as a critic of literary method, wandered away from the belief which he so admirably expressed in his definition of style as "an absolute way of seeing things," and of poetry as "a way of perceiving external objects, which without changing, yet transfigures them." He is constantly, whenever he comes to this point in dealing with his own art, straying off into the delusive path of realism. He forgets that his work, too, was poetry: that if he looked at the world through his own glass it was natural and inevitable that it should take the colour of his personality. He dreaded this colouring as a kind of distortion: he persuaded himself that he might, by a great and sustained effort, come to see things as they are in themselves, apart from any human vision of them.

"The less one feels a thing," he says,* "the more fitted one is to express it as it is—as it is always in itself, in its general aspect, and freed from all the contingencies of the moment—but then one must have the faculty of making oneself feel it. This faculty is simply the power of seeing, of keeping the model posed before oneself."

This reads like a paradox followed by a plausible explanation: but the point is elsewhere insisted upon.

"If you want to paint intoxication, love, women, or glory, my dear fellow, you must be neither drunkard, lover, husband, nor high-faluter. Once you get mixed up with life, you see it confusedly, because it gives you too much pain or pleasure. The artist, on my theory, is a monstrosity, a being outside the pale of nature: all the miseries that Providence heaps upon him come from his obstinate determination to refute this axiom. The result is that he suffers himself, and makes others suffer for it." †

And once more he exclaims, "I am a pen in human form!" ‡ This is no longer reconcilable with that other maxim to "Wait, and get some distance away from these impressions"—that maxim which seemed to base poetry, as Wordsworth based it, upon "Emotion recollected in tranquillity." It is consoling to note that Flaubert's moods were, at any rate, chaotic; they do not degenerate with time, they succeed one another haphazard, and in this particular instance the better opinion is, in fact, later than the worse one, though the worse one is quite as representative. It is clear that the conflict was a hard one: clear that this

* *Correspondence*, II., 82. † *Ibid.*, II., 19. ‡ *Ibid.*, II., 74.

artist's miseries came from his determined efforts not to refute, but to establish, his axiom of insensibility or inexperience. "We must write more coldly," he says at one time, "let us be on our guard against this kind of heating process that goes by the name of inspiration": at another he grumbles: "My style is unequal and too methodical," or complains with astonished candour of some sixty-five pages, which he has just written, that "Each paragraph is, in itself, good, and there are, I am sure, some pages which are perfect: but for that very reason, the thing doesn't *go*—it is just a string of paragraphs."

Such are the troubles of that monstrosity, a pen in human form. Let us take leave of him in one of his more balanced moments.

"The dramatic form," he is saying, "has this in its favour, that it wipes out the author. The author," he adds, "should be in his work as God is in the Universe, present everywhere, visible nowhere. Art is a second world, and the creator of it should deal with it like the creator of the world of nature: in every atom, every aspect, there should be felt a power that is impassive, hidden, and infinite. The effect on the spectator should be to produce a kind of astonished wonder."*

It is a matter of common agreement that Shakespeare the Dramatist had a power that may be called infinite and hidden: infinite, because it is exhibited in a whole world of life; hidden, because it is exhibited only through the inhabitants of that world and never apart from them. But to add to this the words "impassive" or "impersonal" is a violent contradiction in terms. Activity and personality cannot be found anywhere in a higher degree than in Shakespeare's combination of creative force and ingenuous artistic concentration. He does not, like Flaubert, treat men as he would treat mastodons or crocodiles for a museum; he does not stuff them with straw; what he puts into them is that which is in himself, the breath of his own vitality. So strong is the impression which he thus produces that critics like Dr. Brandes have believed it possible to trace in his works not only the movements of his spirit, but the actual footprints of his external life. Others, finding always in his characters exactly what they find in the characters of the world around them, imagine that there must have been, over and above all these, a Shakespeare

* *Correspondence*, II., 155.

of whose character no record is left, a Shakespeare who succeeded in concealing himself. But Shakespeare's ingenuous concentration is the reverse of an attempt at concealment; it is the negation of a pose, a self-disguise, an adopted point of view. If he had a wider and more comprehensive vision of human life than Byron or other poets, if he treated it more tolerantly and was more completely absorbed in the study of it, that is only to say that he had a different and a more intense personality.

I do not hesitate to maintain this in the face of Flaubert's repeatedly expressed opinion, because, as I have already said, we have before us not only the Shakespeare of the Plays, but also the Shakespeare of the Sonnets, and the Sonnets are by universal admission among the most intimate of personal utterances. It has been less commonly remarked that they contain proofs of an intense interest in personality, the personality of others.

> What is your substance, whereof are you made
> That millions of strange shadows on you tend?

This is but the finest among many fine imaginative questionings, probings of the live dark in which the spirit moves and has its being: impassioned ventures of the lover who holds that none can say more of his beloved

> "Than this rich praise that you alone are you."

I am fortified also by the recollection of Milton, that master-builder of lofty verse, subduing to the strict form of his Epic all things in heaven and earth and hell—all things save his own spirit, never for a moment to be subdued or set aside. Milton as Man, Milton as Archangel, Milton as God—but the most characteristic voice of all is that of Milton as Satan, truly a double personality:

> "Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
> Said then the lost Archangel, "this the seat
> That we must change for Heaven? this mournful gloom
> For that celestial light?
> Farewell, happy fields
> Where joy for ever dwells: hail horrors, hail
> Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell,
> Receive thy new possessor: one who brings
> A mind not to be changed by place or time.
> The mind is its own place, and in itself
> Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."

Then there is Keats, a poet whom I should have had a malign pleasure in quoting to Flaubert if Fate had given me the opportunity. For Keats is of all our greater poets

the one most naturally and habitually objective in his method, the one whose power of song is most nearly matched by his power over form and colour. Also he was evidently and with full consciousness devoted to his art. Yet at the very crisis, the supreme moment, of his *Endymion*, when the immortal lovers have achieved their immortal love, we see the still mortal form of John Keats standing between us and their dim cavern's mouth, lamenting his unworthiness to sing of them, and singing of himself—magnificently—instead:

> At which soft ravishment with doting cry
> They trembled to each other—Helicon!
> O fountain'd hill! Old Homer's Helicon!
> That thou wouldst spurt a little streamlet o'er
> These sorry pages, then the verse would soar
> And sing above this gentle pair, like lark
> Over his nested young: but all is dark
> Around thine aged top, and thy clear fount
> Exhales in mists to heaven. Ay! the count
> Of mighty Poets is made up: the scroll
> Is folded by the Muses; the bright roll
> Is in Apollo's hand: our dazèd eyes
> Have seen a new tinge in the Western skies:
> The world has done its duty. Yet, oh! yet,
> Although the sun of poesy is set
> These lovers did embrace, and we must weep
> That there is no old power left to steep
> A quill immortal in their joyous tears.

I take pleasure in setting by the side of this a passage from one of the greatest poems of our own day, Mr. Hardy's *Dynasts*. The scene of Nelson's death is familiar to us all in Dr. Beatty's narrative: the poet has followed that narrative faithfully in its stark pathos, its poignant detail. But to that detail, that pathos, he has added, as it were, instinctively, almost unconsciously, one touch more, unhistoric, but irrefutable:

"What are you thinking, that you speak no word?" says the dying Admiral, and Hardy answers him thus:—

> "Thoughts all confused, my lord;—their needs on deck,
> Your own sad state, and your unrivalled past,
> Mixed up with flashes of old things afar—
> Old childish things at home, down Wessex way,
> In the snug village under Blackdon Hill,
> Where I was born. The tumbling stream, the garden,
> The placid look of the gray dial there,
> Marking unconsciously this bloody hour,
> And the red apples on my father's trees
> Just now full ripe."

Will anyone maintain that there is any loss to poetry, any less faithful service of art, because in that massive

form by Nelson's deathbed we can now see the presence not of one Thomas Hardy, but of two?

I pass on to the point of personal experience—of emotion actually recollected. Out of a countless number of examples I select two. The first must be Shelley's well-known poem beginning, "Away! the moor is dark beneath the moon." There is evidently here—not in the poem, but behind it—a story, sombre and passionate in a very moving degree. But the whole of this effect depends entirely upon the conviction that the story is true. An imaginary story may be moving, if it be told with sufficient art, with sufficient dramatic power, it may even perhaps be as moving as a true story; but here there is no question of such a possibility, for the poem is so obscure that the story has not a chance—what moves us is the emotion of the poet, an emotion of remorse and despair which we can feel, though we are told nothing of its cause. We are told nothing of what has happened in this storm-darkened house, nothing of this friend and his "ungentle mood," or of this loving lady whose eye "so glazed and cold dares not entreat thy stay," or of the duty which calls to solitude and bids an everlasting farewell to peace. But the music is as haunting, as full of meaning to the soul, as it is unintelligible to the intellect:

> The cloud-shadows of midnight possess their own repose,
> For the weary winds are silent, or the moon is in the deep:
> Some respite to its turbulence unresting ocean knows,
> Whatever moves or toils or grieves hath its appointed sleep.
> Thou in the grave shalt rest:—yet till the phantoms flee
> Which that house and heath and garden made dear to thee erewhile,
> Thy remembrance and repentance and deep musings are not free
> From the music of two voices, and the light of one sweet smile.

We have the key to this riddle, if we cared to use it. But we do not care: we do not need the biography with names and dates; we have the full and sufficient certainty that this is the expression of a real love, a real separation, a real spiritual conflict.

For a second example I will turn to a living poet. In Mrs. Woods's poetical play *The Princess of Hanover* the following speech is put into the mouth of the old Electress, a lady of the eighteenth century, who, dramatically speaking, can only have been thinking of Queen Elizabeth. Yet who can doubt that these lines, so intense in their tender and high-hearted loyalty, are the living echo of scenes still living within the memory of the writer and of us who read?

What were it to be Queen of England? . . .
Consider
What 'twere to be a Queen,
A Queen of men, not marketable serfs.
Perchance you lean out from your balcony
One spring day in the prime and rapture of Youth,
And mark the immense crowd billowing beneath,
A sea of worshipping eyes, a ripple of hands
Claiming you theirs, lifting you to the height
Of their hearts' throne—all fathers, lovers, friends,
All yours and yours for ever.
These are the Immortals
Not to be changed by mutability
Of the inconstant blood, or alienated
By circumstance, or in the unfeeling grave
To slumber careless.
You **the years will change—**
The small mechanic hours—you will grow old,
Dim-hearted, cinder-grey, will drop your playthings
One after one—Ay! but on any day
Choose you come forth, outstretching crooked hands
Like those Youth mocks, whispering with faded mouth
Such as men scorn, "My People," and lo! the Immortals!
A sea of worshipping eyes, a ripple of hands
Claiming you with the old rapture, lifting you
To the height of their heart's throne, yours as in Youth,
Yours on through age to death—sons, lovers, friends.
—This were for her that had a queen's heart.

It would be pleasant to go on: there are many poets among us, and most of them have written poems which would amply bear out what has been said. But there is a certain difficulty in citing one's own contemporaries, one's own friends, on this particular issue. I cannot call living witnesses by name and then, as it were, ask them for a public confession of personal experience. Their elegies, their love poems, their epithalamiums—all that I can here say of them is that the best are the most sincere, those which are most evidently historic records of a soul.

At this point, then, I leave the controversy—with the less regret because, as I said at the beginning, I believe it to be in reality an obsolete and illusory controversy. I do not by that mean to suggest that it was ever a question of words, a matter of form rather than of substance. The trivialities of the Byronics at one extreme, and the Parnassians at the other, remain to show the dangers to Poetry that really existed on both sides. But we have ended that dispute by mutual concessions: we have agreed that if the poet dips his pen (as he must do) into his own peculiar ink-pot, he must take care that it does not come up clogged with the dust of trivial affairs, affairs of the mere ego, that transitory inhabitant of the world of prose and sentimentality: agreed also that the more ingenuously he con-

centrates himself upon his art, the more surely will all that he produces be dyed with the colour of his own vision. But when the old misunderstanding has thus been cleared away, the real movement behind only becomes more visible and more insistent: we see the long, inevitable, and now accelerated unfolding of art—art, which as a modern French writer has said, "s'en va toujours s'intériorisant," which more and more "works from within outwards" because it more and more clearly recognises the nature of its own activity and the opportunity before it. If I am right, our poetry—and I hope we may include that kind of poetry which is called fiction—will in the future neither seek to attain formal beauty by mechanical means, nor in any other way indulge that dream of the "pen in human form." To attempt "to see things as they are in themselves" is the splendid forlorn hope allotted to Science: it is no work for Poetry. The business of Poetry is to see spirits as they are, and all things as they are in the life of the spirit. This does not imply any forsaking of the ancient way, the way that great poetry has gone in all ages. There will be no forgetting the old beauty, the visible and audible beauty of the never-too-much-loved earth: but it will be remembered and loved as the half-translucent veil of that other beauty, the beauty that is true with the only truth and lasting with the only immortality that are given to us to know.

And it may be that that is not all: it may be that there is in poetry the power to reach a still deeper truth, a still profounder being, to draw at times directly from that unseen, unsounded, underlying Pool of Personality, of which our own lives are but momentary jets flung into sunlight. Some among our poets have believed this and transmitted their belief, none in more beautiful lines than these of Mr. Binyon's:

> There is no longer grief nor joy for me
> But one infinity of life that flows
> From the deep ocean heart that no man knows,
> Out into these unnumbered semblances
> Of earth and air, mountains and beasts and trees,
> One timeless flood which drives the circling star
> In furthest heaven, and whose weak waves we are,
> Mortal and broken oft in sobbing foam,
> Yet ever children of that central home,
> Our Peace, that even as we flee, we find;
> The Road that lies before us and behind,
> By which we travel from ourselves, in sleep
> Or waking, towards a self more vast and deep.

The Criminal

By J. D. Beresford

I

The Indictment

THE attitude of the public, freely expressed, was that of the outraged. Casual persons of benevolent aspect were heard to express regret that the methods of the Inquisition, as described by Poe, were no longer permissible in England. The cry for revenge was everywhere the dominant expression; none could doubt that mere death, "gentle, delicate death," was no punishment at all. Even convinced Calvinists who could find sweet comfort in the thought that the man would burn eternally in hell, avowed, nevertheless, that they would like to see him burned first in this world. The undoubted evidence of scorched and shrinking nerves would afford greater satisfaction, one inferred, than the purely imaginative pleasure derived from the contemplation of a non-physical body being continually burnt and never consumed,—like asbestos in a gas-fire, perhaps. In this material life we naturally seek to reach a consummation; in this case a climax of agony; or, to prolong the punishment, some alternation of rest to emphasise the limit of torture. It was impossible to avoid the conclusion that monotony would in time produce indifference; even the monotony of an unimaginable number of degrees centigrade above boiling point.

The whole civilisation of Christendom, indeed, rang with a great cry for revenge. Journals of every creed and shade of opinion flouted law and justice, with comments on the untried case that hanged the man by suggestion a dozen times a week. Only one relatively obscure daily was hauled up for contempt of court and fined £10—an example, doubtless, to advertise that in England, at least, justice could never be swayed by popular feeling.

The case touched the people so nearly. There was not an individual who had suffered at the hands of some

criminal, or had known a friend or relation, however distant, who had so suffered, but was able to claim that he or she had a personal interest in the trial.

For this man was no common murderer, robber or seducer, he was the arch-criminal, the very creator of crime; the instigator of Heaven knew how many dastardly outrages upon life and property: the hidden source of evil that lay snug in the heart of civilisation and sent forth his trained emissaries throughout Christendom to kill and plunder. The number of deaths for which this man had been responsible was incalculable. Little wonder that the very churches cried "Crucify him!" Little wonder that he had to be protected night and day by a special military guard, to save him from the instant vengeance of the outraged.

Yet while so much was known of the man, such a perplexing confusion of minutiæ—the revolting detail of his dastardly life—there had been one strange reservation which added a touch of pique and mystery to the trial. No one could give reliable information concerning his personal appearance. He had been so hedged and guarded since his capture, so sheltered by regulation and restriction from the revengeful curious, that no member of the public had seen his face. And no sketch or photograph of him had been permitted during the magisterial proceedings, which had been brief, unannounced, and practically conducted *in camera*. The high authorities feared a great scandal. Even the English public was, for once, delirious. Our great boast of reserve and self-control was in danger of being overthrown by the terrible spectacle of mob-justice. Authority was determined that this man should have fair and open trial at the hands of twelve intelligent fellow-countrymen—his brothers in blood—directed by the keen, forensic mind of a judge of the High Court. No hint of savagery should stain the record of twentieth-century Britain; the instrument of justice should be as finely adjusted to the trial of this arch-criminal as to the trial of every other prisoner who had ever appeared, guarded and frowned upon in the awful dock reserved for the hypothetically innocent.

Absurd in such a case, no doubt, was this large parade of justice; there was not a member of the whole community who would have hesitated to pass sentence upon the criminal without the production of one further tittle of evidence. It was said that he was a murderer of murderers,

that his very emissaries had been foully put away by the man's own hand. It was said that a full indictment of his offences against the law would take a day in the recital. It was said that there was not a crime in the calendar which this man had not either instigated or committed in person.

There was no safety in Christendom while the man remained alive. He was a menace to the organised, peace-loving, police-protected community; a menace alike to patient labour, diligent middle class, intelligent ownership, and privileged aristocracy. . . .

A few people, cranks and nonentities, did not join in the great cry for revenge. But we were compelled to conceal our opinions like pro-Germans in Paris during the siege, or like pro-Boers in London during the celebrations that commemorated the relief of Mafeking. We realised that to air our opinions during the trial would serve no purpose; we were as little able to alter the opinion of Christendom at that time, as we were able to fill up the Atlantic by throwing sand into it.

Personally, I had not the least desire to turn evangel. I have long been a convert to the principle of the open mind, a principle which *ex hypothesi* forbids any attempt to set up a standard and maintain that there is none other—the essential preliminary for the serious propagandist.

Hemming (another convert) and I have worked out the philosophy of the open mind to our complete satisfaction, and the main position is easily grasped, namely, that in this world of mutually subversive propositions there can be no affirmation without denial; and as denial is inconsistent with the theory of the open mind, we do not affirm. The converse of this proposition is also true, a fact which strengthens our logic, but is not otherwise of immediate value to us.

This reference to the principle which Hemming and I have adopted is essential to the understanding of our attitude towards the greatest criminal in the world's history, this man who was said to be responsible for more deaths than Napoleon or the controllers of the American markets. Nevertheless, his success as a robber was in no way comparable to these great exemplars, since he had been compelled, by adopting other methods, to rely upon cunning rather than upon *force majeure.*

For while our major premiss debars us from subsequent affirmation, we are constantly stimulated to an active

curiosity, and in this case our curiosity was chiefly, if not entirely, concerned with the *appearance* of the arch-criminal —the one feature which, as yet, had not been decided by popular opinion.

This curiosity was by no means easy to satisfy.

The accommodation provided by the galleries had been cut down to the narrowest limit, and although nominally the public was able to gain admission, we soon found that, as a matter of fact, nearly every seat was occupied by privileged persons before the door to the public gallery was opened. On the first morning of the trial, only the first ten individuals of the hundreds who made up the long queue were admitted, and Hemming and I had a shrewd suspicion that all of them were plain-clothes policemen who had been stationed there Heaven knows how many weary hours before.

In view of the astonishing experience of Hemming and myself, it must ever remain subject for regret that this trial was for all intents and purposes conducted *in camera*. For instance, only six news reporters were officially admitted, though it is probable that the proprietors or editors of the chief journals were allowed to occupy some of the (illegally?) reserved seats. I say this is probable because there was a conspiracy of silence in the Press concerning the exclusion of the public (Hemming and I wrote several letters on the subject, but none of them was published), and it seems to me unlikely that in this country the Press would have forborne to comment on such an open scandal had not newspaper owners and editors been fully satisfied as to the propriety of the proceedings.

Our chief regret is that during the whole trial no sketches or photographs of the prisoner were published, for these would have furnished evidence which would either have corroborated or disproved the almost incredible testimony of Hemming and myself.

II

The Trial

Our first defeat in no way discouraged us; we had been prepared to encounter difficulties. We now decided to work separately, and the method proposed for myself this first day, was to obtain an interview with some privileged

spectator of the proceedings, preferably with some individual who was known to me personally.

I returned to the Old Bailey shortly before the Court closed, and found an immense crowd thronging the precincts of the building. I joined this crowd, and presently had the good fortune to see a man I knew come out of the Court—a certain Geoffry Gatling, a very promising junior at the Criminal Bar.

I made no attempt to attract his attention in that place, but made my way down to Ludgate Hill, and so on to the Temple. I found Gatling had returned to his chambers when I arrived at Paper Buildings.

Gatling is of the type we instinctively associate with the legal profession; thin, narrow-faced, hawk-nosed, with rather close-set eyes and prominent chin—it is, also, the decaying type of America where the pseudo-Indian features that seemed to spring up in the white races as a result of the climatic and topographical conditions are now giving place to a more distinctive characteristic.

Gatling had thrown off his wig and gown when I entered his room, and was smoking a cigarette.

We talked for a few moments on indifferent subjects, and then Gatling said, "I suppose you want me to get you admission to the Court to-morrow? I can't do it, my dear fellow. It's quite doubtful whether I shall be able to get in myself."

"You were there to-day," I said and in answer to his question, explained how I had obtained that knowledge. "But I didn't expect you would be able to get me in," I went on; "I merely came here to indulge my curiosity. Answer one question, and I'll leave you to your work."

"I *am* rather busy," remarked Gatling.

"Well, just tell me what the prisoner looks like," I said. "Describe his appearance. I have been having a tremendous argument with Hemming about it."

"It's a type," returned Gatling with a shrug. "If you are looking for some intellectual monstrosity, you'll be disappointed. He's simply a great hulking brute, with a low, narrow forehead, a button nose, and a huge jowl."

"Great Heavens!" I ejaculated, "you don't say so? Are you perfectly certain? The man who kept dark so long, and wove such subtle schemes?"

"My dear chap, of course I'm certain," replied Gatling

with a touch of temper. "I had plenty of opportunity to study him to-day, I assure you."

I went home, a thoughtful man; thankful, nevertheless, that I was not bigoted, that I could accept this portrait of the criminal, a portrait so completely unlike the mental image I had framed. . . .

After dinner Hemming came in, and threw himself dejectedly into an armchair.

"No luck?" I asked.

"Oh! yes," he said, "I got hold of Gunston, the editor of the *Daily Post*; I thought he'd be there. You know the chap, don't you, a great square-faced block of a fellow?"

"And the criminal is . . ." I began, intending to anticipate Hemming's description.

"Oh! the criminal," interrupted Hemming, "is a disappointment, a little rat-faced chap, the usual type of the city degenerate—a weasel."

"What?" I shouted.

Hemming shrugged his shoulders. "Of course, you are surprised," he said, "*I* was . . ."

"The criminal," I said, "*pace* Gatling, is a cross between a gorilla and a prize-fighter."

"Between a ferret and a gutter-snipe, according to Gunston," corrected Hemming.

"Which of them was lying, do you suppose?" I asked.

"We must get to the bottom of this," said Hemming.

III

The Verdict

We worked indefatigably all that week and accumulated many descriptions. Some of them agreed on broad lines, and the bulk of evidence was in favour of one of the two types indicated by Gatling and Gunston. Among the divergences, however, were some that deserve to be recorded. Deane-Elmer, that amateur scientist of many attainments — incidentally criminology — described the prisoner as probably an Armenian Jew; of brilliant intellect, but entirely lacking in any moral sense; he told me that the man's protuberant eyes and weak eyebrows were the most indicative marks of the criminal. Professor Molyneux was very vague in his description of the man's physiognomy, but told Hemming that the cranial index—85·6; remarkably

brachycephalic—fully upheld the professor's theory as enunciated in his great monograph, "Craniology in Relation to Crime." Otho Jennings, the author of so many works published by the Rationalist Press, told me that the criminal was a fanatic and bore all the usual sign-marks—high, narrow forehead; pale blue eyes with a small, steady iris; thin-lipped mouth; well-cut features and high cheek-bones. Street, the poet, said that the man was like a cinque-cento Christ, with sad, dark eyes and a sensitive mouth. . . .

"They can't all be lying," remarked Hemming when we met to collate this evidence.

"I must confess that the thing is beyond me," I replied. "But I thank Heaven, nevertheless, that we adopted the principle of the open mind."

The trial was being prolonged, most unnecessarily according to some critics, but the authorities were agreed that impartial justice must be administered; all the evidence was sifted meticulously by the counsel for the defence in his cross-examination of witnesses—and at the end of the first week Hemming proposed a scheme which should resolve our doubts.

The scheme was a risky one, and need not be described at length here; briefly, Hemming heavily bribed a news-agency reporter, occupied his place in Court for half-an-hour, and at great risk of imprisonment for contempt, concealed a small camera under the disguise. The reporter was a fat man with a large stomach, and the camera was hidden in this part of Hemming's anatomy, the lens appearing as a button. Three crowded days were spent by Hemming in perfecting the mechanical details; he collaborated with a theatrical costumier, who made up Hemming to resemble the agency man whose place he was taking. It was a bold scheme, and it worked to perfection.

I met Hemming outside the Court, and we went off at once to develop the three films he had been able to expose.

On the way I questioned Hemming as to his own impressions of the appearance of the criminal; but his answers were very vague. He said that he did not wish to prejudice me; that when the plates were developed I should be able to form my own opinion, and he wanted to see if it agreed with his own. The only approach to a description I received from him was that the criminal was "a very ordinary looking person, just like you and me."

The photographs had been taken about half-past eleven o'clock, and the light, fortunately, had been strong enough for Hemming to obtain good negatives.

I shall never forget our eagerness as we diligently rocked those three films and saw the little black specks springing up, evidence that Hemming had got some result.

After the fixing bath, we just brushed the films with water and hurried out to the light.

Hemming had been seated some distance from the dock, and there was a good deal of detail on each film; the faces of people in the gallery behind, the tops of counsels' wigs in the foreground; in the centre the dock with the figures of two policemen at the back of it. . . .

But there was no trace of the figure of the criminal.

Save for the two policemen the dock was empty.

Neither Hemming nor I can offer any explanation. He is quite certain that the criminal was in the dock when the film was exposed; he could see him if the camera could not.

The jury returned a verdict of guilty on the first count —one of murder—without leaving the box.

Only twelve signatures could be obtained to a petition to the Home Secretary, begging for a commutation of the sentence.

According to the newspaper reports the man was hanged.

The Soul in a Blind Alley

By Chris Massie

I

The Child

THE child had not yet found out what an expensive luxury it is to be born. Most of his time was spent in the back garden—a veritable paradise for worms and caterpillars and all crawling things like himself.

It was a garden by accident. Long-limbed American sunflowers looked in from next door through the fence, and the wind and birds had done the rest. Marigolds and poppies grew in abundance, and seemed all the better for being neglected. There were also buttercups and dandelions and a tiny blue-faced pansy in the last stages of consumption.

Sometimes, in the drowsy noontide, a cock crew, and the child looked round and smiled. All day long the great golden sun revealed to him new and wonderful objects of interest and amusement. He had once discovered a piece of cut glass which had been part of a salt-cellar, and through this he had seen heaven in seven different colours. Incidentally he had tasted the brown earth and pronounced it to be good.

There were days when it rained, and then he sat in a gloomy room, with the pale cheerless woman he called "mum." She was always doing work, and took but little notice of him; yet sometimes the monotonous drone of the sewing machine kindled his imagination; it brought to mind a railway journey he had once made, and his whole nature flamed with excitement . . . but the woman could not attend to him, she had her work to do. . . .

At night, when he was in his cot, he gazed up and saw stars, as many as the narrow window would hold. In his mind he associated them with the flowers and insects as creatures of the same fairyland; and this led him to think of the wonderful garden, its stillness and peace, the almost

terrifying silence of his playground under the stars. The odour of decaying leaves, the familiar smell of marigolds entered in at the open window, and comforted him till he slept.

Sometimes in the midst of his dreams a great light came into the room, and the child felt someone bending over him. He did not always open his eyes for the candle-glare pained them, but in heavy peacefulness he would turn over and say—"Daddy, I'se awake, I is!"

A thin weary haggard man it was with unpleasant whiskers and a far-away voice—the superhuman creature called father. Since the birth of this child his grey life had become happier; a new hope, a loftier responsibility dignified his otherwise neglected soul.

Not infrequently, however, the full weight of circumstance awoke in him a vague dread that he of all men was least fitted to be a father. If Fate had made him a scholar, endowed him with the supreme gift of "figures," John Bines would have thrown a high light on the world, and spoken with confidence of "my son."

But the business of life perplexed him; he could only earn boy's wages, and that, assuredly, was the only boyish thing about him. Youth had gone behind.

On Sunday, when he could have the child near him, he cudgelled his brain for nursery rhymes. There was a pathetic serenity about him which he himself noticed, so pure it was and deep. Every Sabbath afternoon they lay down together in the attic bedroom—the worn man who thought the child an angel, the child who mistook him for a god. . . .

The beginnings of life are crossed with golden threads spun out of the infinite. Nature opened to the child an illuminated picture book of fairy tales. When the springtime came, he felt the resuscitating warmth of it in his blood; the green battalions of fresh young grass made a sharp outline of spear points in the clear noontide: strange new blossoms broke out in the garden with amazing fecundity.

Once he ran in, all hot with enthusiasm, to tell "mum" of "a great big rose" which had come out, it seemed by magic. It was in reality a weak, unhappy-looking poppy, short lived, even among its kindred, for in the excitement of indication the child touched it, and all four petals fluttered away to the earth and shone there like drops of blood.

Before a storm, in the stillness, when the leaves turn up green ears to listen, or tremble impatiently with thirst, he sat looking at the clouds in awful anticipation. The smoking rain made iridescent bubbles on the gravel path, and he took something to his soul of their fleeting beauty. The earth smell was good, the young grass blades glittered with jewels, and the emerging sun vitalised the humid atmosphere.

The snow, too, as the seasons revolved, had for him a wonderful fascination.

The gentle falling and accumulation of white flakes, the rosy faces of children running with noiseless tread over the clad ground, the steaming horses and grey curling chimney smoke, these, with an intimate sense of poverty and cold, revealed to the child something of the relentless beauty of nature. . . .

In the face of all these wonderful impressions and experiences, little Johnny Bines was pitied by the neighbours. He was "let to run wild" they said, as though they envied him the pleasure he took in daisies, and worms, and wet grass.

The mother had no time to step between the child and nature. She had to leave him sometimes to take home her work, and then she tortured him into making promises which could only be broken at the expense of a lie. He scrupled not to turn his imagination to account when he found himself in difficulties. If it was wicked, it was no less delightful to tell lies; and though it was noble to speak the truth the result was sometimes painful.

The time came when his father employed the Sabbath afternoon in teaching him letters.

A is an Apple, juicy and sweet;
B is the Butcher boy bringing home meat;
C is a Custard, and C is a Cake;
D is the Damsel who swings on a gate.

It mattered very little about the rhyming of "cake" and "gate"; to the child it was the best kind of poetry, appealing to his imagination, and, in no less degree, to his appetite, though with small possibility of having it appeased.

There was a writing book, too, in which his cramped fingers had made things like meat hooks; the resemblance growing fainter as he proceeded.

Day by day, new words and new ideas taught him by

simple rote the relationship of himself to Society. The weary man saw the child develop under his care, and his heart gladdened. Sometimes during a lesson the mother looked up from her work with soft eyes, and smiled sadly on them both. She could find no time for love; her husband earned boy's wages. There was no telling when he would be "put off."

So it was, the child came to love his father best, though the mother's love was deeper and wider. Her only joy was the privilege to sacrifice her life. Only at times did she give way to the passion of motherhood, and then it was to take the child to her flat breast, and shed tears over him he could not understand. At night, when she might have slept, she made great white dreams out of nothing, and pictured the golden future of her son. At night, too, she prayed for him.

Gradually the child came into touch with reality. One by one the garden fairies left their desolate and denuded paradise. He had taken great bunches of sun-flowers with him to school and laid them at the shrine of wisdom—peace-offerings that would go far to set him up in his teacher's favour. The merciless propaganda of school discipline crowded out the innocent, healthy joys of babyhood. When the garden was redolent and radiant with fragrance and light, and all nature welcomed him as to a feast, he could not be sure of his comfort, because there was some difficulty in remembering that PIG spelt pig.

People would call in from the factory and ask him to say his "poetry"—"poultry" as he called it. Invariably, that strong sense of the ridiculous which children have restrained him from making a fool of himself to please others. He could never be prevailed upon to sing or act a part that was not part of his nature. Seeing how much he was leaving behind, he held out no compromise for those who would drag him along in the procession of civilised beings.

The irksome restrictions put upon him made it difficult for him to "find things to do." Time was when he could have done anything, but now he was washed and respectable and there was no comfort in life.

Sometimes, when in bed, he prayed earnestly to the great God who was Lord of stars and flowers and wild things, weeping silently as he did so, till the candle flame seen through his tears made glittering golden spears of

light, and led him off into quiet musing and thence to sleep. Perhaps at that early age he was half aware of the spiritual world. Strange apparitions that terrified him not came and went through the walls and hovered about his bed. Some were beautiful women; others—children; and there was one —an angel with wings like great white lilies.

Beauty and the harmonious colouring of things appealed to him then as never since. He was attracted, as all children are, by soft voices, gentle white hands, and gracefulness of presence. A something there was growing in his soul—a mute eternal craving which could not be satisfied this side of time. He was beginning to feel the restless torture of the flesh.

II.

The Boy

During his twelfth year Johnny tasted life near to the core where the bitterness is. A thousand and one realities came into perspective, and a suffocating sense of the dreadful earnestness of this world fell like a pall over his imagination. . . .

At one time his miserable home life was only half evident in dim twilight, but love and Pollie had brought it into the pitiless glare of noon. Poverty—the mere thought of it, set up hot rebellion in his mind; it kept him awake in the middle watches of the night, ever recurring like some deadly insult that no tears could wash out of his life; it weighed on him like a heavy burden of stones, suppressing natural inclination and arresting the development of his soul. . . .

Sometimes he thought regretfully about his face. He had tried parting his hair a different way, and such artifice as would flatter him into the belief that he was "not bad looking." He had also resolved to put by money for a cake of scented soap and a tooth-brush—the cheapest way he could think of to acquire personal beauty. But what he did to himself could scarcely be called an improvement on nature. His face was not subject to alterations.

Nevertheless, there was something in his appearance calculated to awaken the sympathy of those who saw behind the mere curtain of things. The wistful eagerness of his grey eyes, the hesitating humility of his speech,

were things detached from childhood—the grown man in him waiting to solve the riddle of existence.

There was for him no evasion of life's bitter realities. He was neither lovable nor clever—he must face everything with blunt weapons, and all hands would be against him. The grave beauty of the stars, as he stepped out into the night, pierced his soul with a thousand lights of memory. He had gone far enough down the road of life to look back on the wild, happy days of infancy, to feel how sweet some things are which never may return. It seemed as if God had withdrawn His presence, or changed into something vague and incomprehensible, too difficult for his soul to grasp. It was the world coming nearer. . . .

One evening Pollie had kissed him at the dark end of the street. Days afterwards the memory of this deed gave him the purest feelings of happiness. The image of Pollie was wrought on his soul like the sun on a little sequestered pool. . . . Love is like the pearl which is hidden away beneath the flesh in the oyster-shell . . . and Johnny had found it. Deep down in his little life he saw, dimly portrayed, the reflection of the universe . . . and when Johnny went to bed, he now said his prayers a little more reverently, for the matter he had in hand required some strategy, and he thought it was as well to have God on his side as not. . . .

Soon after this tremendous experience Johnny found himself already a unit in the commercial life of the world's greatest city. To earn something, to eat something—that is the abiding concern of life; so Johnny was presented with a small-sized, antiquated bowler hat and a small-sized, antiquated gladstone bag and sent about his business.

He remembered the first day with secret and holy terror. The anxious attitude of his mother as they parted. . . . And then, in Liverpool Street, the hurry and bustle gave him no time to collect and arrange his thoughts in anticipation of what might happen to him. He was conscious of nothing so much as his own insignificance. The ceaseless stream of preoccupied individuals who passed him by made him feel lonely and distant from humanity. They were only cranks and screws of a great money-making machine. He wondered where all the nice people were whose faces were not enigmas, who spoke intelligent language, and could at least spare time to look at him. . . .

The climax had not been so terrible after all. The head of the firm was a stout, florid man, with a smooth, clean-shaven face. He looked at Johnny through a pair of spectacles which had the peculiar effect of contracting his eyes almost to vanishing point. "You'll do," he said, waving his hand. "Tell the others to be gone. You, Jones, take this lad away. Don't worry me. Tell the others to be gone. Put this lad to his work."

Johnny was led away to a press situated in a secluded part of the office, where he settled down to the task of copying letters. The ordeal he had just passed through had left him weak and trembling, but quite happy. All the morning he kept scrupulously on with his work, and yet found time to enjoy occasional flights of fancy which took him back to his mother . . . and Pollie. The world was not so bad after all. In his imagination he had found a new heaven and a new earth. The old garden he had once glorified into paradise was again open to receive him; this time he would fill it with dreams to be realised, with unfading flowers, and sunny pools to give him back the glance of his own joy.

He was surprised to find how easy it is to be happy. His rough, strong hands gripped earnestly at the press, swinging it round with masterful precision. The perspiration gathered on his forehead, and ran trickling down his pathetic nose; but he kept himself at the same high pressure, as though it was possible to earn a fortune that very day. . . .

But days added to days sobered his enthusiasm. The work became tedious. The long hours left no time for life. . . .

Johnny was now a growing lad. His feet and hands were disproportionately large, and his face had developed pimples—a sure sign of adolescence. When he was not eating something, he occupied his time whistling snatches of music-hall ditties, picked up at the office. He was not quite happy, after all.

Not infrequently Pollie would be seen in the company of other lads, and this would be sufficient to rob him of his sleep. He could never hope to give her anything beautiful in exchange for her sex; for love had made him sad, and silent, and rather foolish. Among other things he was morbidly regretful about the pimples on his face, and how to get rid of them was the unsolved problem of his early

youth. His happiest hours were spent in the quiet of night, when he could chew the cud of some glorious phrase which Pollie had intended should make him happy and deceive him. Johnny was modest enough to wonder "what she could see in him"; but he was not modest enough to discover the truth—that Pollie saw nothing in him at all. . . . He was only one of her bad habits. . . .

Sometimes he thought of Pollie as one awakened from a dream of great riches. He saw how much beauty lay behind life which he could not reach because his eyes must be fixed on the earth to prevent him from stumbling. He was a pitiable Don Quixote tilting at windmills for the bread they crushed. His life was mean and trivial, lost among countless thousands of other mean, trivial lives; but within him was the tireless torture of morbid egoism. He was not going to make a mess of life because the stars were out of reach; he would accept the conditions, and work out his own salvation. . . .

III

The Young Man

Johnny knew that he was lacking. Life was fixed at an angle where he could see nothing but the shadow side of his own soul. Sometimes in the reflected light of memory he caught a fugitive glimpse of the nobler possibilities of life—a vision of lost possessions. There was something missing he could not find.

Johnny did not know how to love or to be lovable. Living so much in darkness, a stray gleam of light through a chink in his soul dazzled him, and he stood dumb or incoherent in the presence of the gods, who, being naked, were shameful and ridiculous.

That he was only receiving a sub-division of Pollie's affection offended his vanity and sense of propriety. He had almost made up his mind to give her up, but something in the expression of her face in profile tortured him, and kept him docile. He was not particularly interested in her conversation, which was mostly about other young men, but he hung desperately on her arm because the line between her forehead and chin was curved to his liking. It was a pretty curve, but she did not kiss him too often.

Pollie played her part with versatile variations, and

Johnny could find nothing in his nature to compete with her. He longed to mould her in the earthenware cup of his life—to make her a detail fitting in with the scheme of his existence. He had a thirst—a craving supernormal, that he might possess the few rose-leaves she offered in order to crush them into perfume, and so be reminded of the old garden—the ruined paradise of his childhood.

He was lost in the loneliness of himself. He felt it more than ever in the late spring days when Nature said—"Come closer; kiss me. I am ruddy and white and warm."

One evening the call was too much for her. They were seated on one of the rustic seats in the Park, when suddenly his head fell upon her bosom.

"Pollie," he said.

Her lips curled.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing," he sighed. "Closer, Pollie; that's all." She held him back from her bosom. "Don't!" she said—"you're hurting me."

"Let me rest—let me love you"—he pleaded. "You never let me love you, Pollie."

"Oh! you do worry!" she said pettishly.

"Do I?" he asked. "Forgive me, Pollie. Let me love you this once."

She drew his head back to her bosom. "There! now you've got me!"

"I do love you, Pollie," he sighed.

For a little while he was back again in the old garden. The throb of her bosom was the song of the birds, her breath, the scent of flowers, her silence, the blue of heaven. He was back again in the arms of the kind earth, the generous and merciful mother who understands and answers the call of the heart. He had become beautiful even to himself because he could remember things. The rich colouring of pansies and poppies, the green plentitude of grass, the rain-smell, the stillness of noon, the musical flight of bees—harmony and sympathy, sweet songs and sweet silence.

When the bell rang for the closing of the Park they rose together, and walked mutely to the river. There was need in both their hearts to be happy while happiness was yet possible. Across the bridge were the fields, and a sweep of sky with stars and solitude. Here they could dream. . . .

As he was helping her to sit down, a silver cross slipped

from her neck and buried itself in the grass. She saw it fall, but did not heed it.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she whispered.

"What?" he asked, strangely.

"Oh! . . . everything," she answered.

"Once," he said, awfully; "once for a little while, I didn't believe in God. But now I believe in Him."

She paused and caught her breath. . . . "Johnny . . . is it very wrong to be happy?"

"I don't know," he choked. . . . "Kiss me."

She kissed him.

"It is beautiful," she said, but her voice was husky.

"Shall I put my arms round you?" he asked.

She faltered, and then said, "If you like."

Her lips were parted—there was a weak smile on her face.

"Hold me closer," she said.

"You're not afraid, are you, Pollie?" he asked in stuttering syllables.

"No," she answered.

"Kiss me, then."

She kissed him . . . but when she did so there were tears in her eyes. . . .

He wondered to himself; it had all been so aimless and easy. . . .

IV

She, Him and It

He had dropped down to the level of his environment. . . . Every evening found him seated in the private bar of the nearest public-house. His conversation ranged between horse-racing and football matches, and sometimes, for variation, he specialised in what is termed "smut," or dilated on the quantity of beer he could drink and what effect it had on him.

Anyone could tell he was married. There was a dirty, frowsy sex atmosphere about him—a manginess of soul which had touched all his senses. Periodically he gave up drink; but abstinence left him isolated in the loneliness of his life, and drove him back again to wilder excesses. . . . He wanted something. There was still the same yearning after impossible stars . . . but his vision was circumscribed.

Romance had shot its last arrow—only "she" and "him" and "it" remained—a female creature, a man animal, and an unsuccessful baby. . . .

It was a Saturday in July. He had slept over his afternoon's drunkenness, and staggered out into the back garden to breathe a little fresh air. . . . Pollie was taking in the clothes, and at her feet the unsuccessful baby crowed cheerfully over a garden-pot of dirt. . . . The scarlet runners were wearing their gladdest green and scarlet, the poppies were moving tremulously in the soft evening air, the tall sunflowers craned their necks to look at the lingering sun. . . .

A strange expression crossed his face as he looked at the child.

"That's funny," he said at last . . . "I used to play in a garden long ago. . . . Never told you about it, have I?"

"No, never," she said.

"Somehow it reminds me," he went on, soberly. "It makes me think. . . . Used to be happy then."

She looked up at him, surprised to see the tears trickling down his cheeks.

"It's been a muck up," he choked.

"Well, never mind," she answered, picking up the child, and returning to the kitchen.

He stood alone . . . staring at the little blots of colour through his tears.

"It's been a muck up," he said. "It's been a blooming muck up."

The Duke's Buffalo

By the Editor

THOUGH of all forms of British recreation the Sunday intellectual tramp has always seemed to me the most tiresome, I was unable to refuse the invitation of Noggins to foot it from Angmering to Littlehampton, for he is an old pal of mine, a man of stern, indefatigable rectitude, and besides there was the opportunity of a good "crack." It was a wonderful May morning, so English that instinctively one thought of Shakespeare. A song and burgeon came out to us from every hedge and field. We pounded for the better part of the morning silently across the rolling Sussex downs, Noggins setting the pace, the Midland brawn of him accentuated by the strange attire that he affected, half tourist, with the soft hat, collarless open shirt, and corded necktie of the Continental workman. I love Sussex, but it was warm, and I was getting just a little peevish, skirting the miles of wall that marks off the estate of Arundel Castle, when suddenly Noggins stopped in the middle of his stride, glared, almost gloated, and pointing dramatically with his arm, shouted with that mass-meeting voice of his: "Great Gawd, it's a buffalo!"

Noggins is not often wrong. I looked at his Cromwellian attitude of concern, I followed the line of his outstretched stick and there, sure enough, not fifteen yards from the wall, browsing under a tree, stood a massive buffalo, gazing at us with the supercilious condescension of a rich man's butler. Had it been the German Emperor in an aeroplane I should not have been so surprised, but a real buffalo, fat, tame and contented, did stir me almost as much as it excited Noggins. We craned over the wall and contemplated the beast enjoying the ambience in the superb Ducal Park, but the creature evidently was accustomed to vulgar curiosity. "It's like the Lord Mayor's coachman," I said at last, and the remark seemed to relieve Noggins. He smiled. Presently he broke out into loud peals of laughter, then, sitting down by the roadside, he filled and lighted his pipe.

"That —— buffalo" (I will not record the adjective of my friend Noggins, though it is a well-worn English qualification), "that's all England, that is. He's the epitome of our whole social history." I could see that Noggins was working himself up to a speech, whereas I was hungry, I wanted lunch. "Perhaps," I ventured, "perhaps it's a bison."

The moment I had said it I was sorry, but I wish I could describe the implacable fierceness that came over my friend's face at the remark. Our walk was over—I realised that at once. Noggins was no longer a pedestrian; he had become a politician, an orator, a reformer. It would be hours now before we got any lunch. I loosened my waistcoat and, finding a comfortable bed on the green, resigned myself to the occasion.

"Bison or buffalo," he said, with the sententiousness of a John Knox, "that —— beast survives even the House of Lords. He's Feudalism, he is. He stands there like a great pampered flunkey, better fed, better cared for than one-half of the population of these Isles; not wanted—for he is of no use, costing more in his weekly upkeep than millions of entire families earn with six days' sweat and labour—a relic, an omen, flaunting our whole industrial life and conditions. I'm not talking Socialism; this is social sense. Can you sit there and not see the mockery of that animal's artificial existence? There are tens of thousands of hard-working men craving the land, the right to toil and live; there are millions herded together in squalor and misery in all our great cities living in a perpetual state of anguish and under-nourishment, and there lie those miles of Ducal Park, and in it there stands that poor silly buffalo, who should be running wild on the prairies, kept for the idle whim of a rich nobleman."

"But surely, Noggins," I interrupted, "a man may keep a buffalo if he is so minded. It's curious, I admit; still, I do not follow your indignation. If it had been a cow. . . ." "A cow!" Noggins retorted. "A cow gives milk, but a buffalo is a mere luxury, a piece of damn-my-eye Feudal insolence, like the old castles the Barons put up to fight and thwart their kings. We only see things clearly by revelation. To me that civilised beast is a chal-

lenge to our whole social fabric. Dumb—he is to me the flag of warfare. Useless—he has revealed to me the meaning of our social unrest, the reason of our English Labour upheaval—aye, and the morality of it, the hideous necessity of strife."

"Was there ever such a buffalo in the world!" I exclaimed. "Tell me, Noggins, would you refuse a man the right to keep anything that cost him money, forbid a woman a row of pearls? If I rode a zebra in the Park now, would you class me as a Feudal Baron? You surely are not going to bring out the grey theory of equalisation of wealth, are you?—the old Socialistic fetish of expropriation? You don't cry out when you see an Old Master in some rich man's house. Yet there is money in such a picture, too—money, no doubt, that would provide a dozen families with two full meals a day for a decade. My dear Noggins, everything is relative in this world. You now, you have a very good pair of boots on; that hat must have cost you something; but not more to you than the price of that buffalo to the Duke. All values are proportional, fluctuating, artificial. Take jewellery, art, pictures, books, statues, music, plays, poetry. A couple of nails in a man's boots can be more useful to him on a slippery mountain slope than a £10,000 rope of pink pearls, yet the pearls are of more value in the drawing-room. Even beauty is proportional, latitudinal, travellers will tell you. You may think that buffalo a monstrous luxury, but many people would consider the payment of £400 a year to Members of Parliament a far greater waste of money, or of £5,000 to Ministers a barbarism."

"There is truth in what you say," Noggins returned. "I am not abusing the Duke for keeping that buffalo, or the buffalo for idling in that Park. What I say is that he is a symbol—a value, as you would call it—and what he has revealed to me is this very disproportion in our social life. And it is this disparity, this flaunting of disparity, that is subverting the old order of things in England, breaking down all our traditions and conventions, acting with such dystrophic effect upon the masses of industrial workers. What do you suppose the workman living on twenty-five shillings a week feels when he sees that —— buffalo grazing there on the grass? Or the country

labourer living on eighteen shillings a week? Or the wife with five little children to nourish and a husband who is out of work? Yet these people form the majority of the population; they can read and think now, thanks to education and the cheap Press. The superstitions of religion, of privilege, of birth have vanished, leaving a growing canker of cynicism and unrest, and in that buffalo they see the reflex of their own necessitous mechanical existence and the obverse of capitalistic possession.

"Is that well or wise? Were not the Lords warned time after time to reform, to put their house in order? Yet what did they do? Nothing. And what are the classes doing to-day to solve the new problem that has arisen, to understand and face the economic issue of capital and labour, to ameliorate the conditions of the proletarian? I ask, because in that buffalo I see the trend of social warfare, the inevitability of it, fleshed upon the soul of England. That creature lives as an emblem of a bygone age. He roams about like a ship without a helm, drifting, purposeless. He is there because it pleases my Lord. And on the other side of the wall, silent, agonising, growing more and more articulate, the masses stare at him, half-crushed by the very arrogance of the sight, wondering more, feeling more, uniting more. You think that buffalo means nothing. I tell you he is symptomatic of modern England."

"Come, Noggins, we don't like theories in England. The British workman will never take up the theoretics of orthodox Marxianism. Life here is to the snob. Believe me, the yokel round Arundel feels no umbrage at that buffalo. He cheers the Derby winner as much as ever. After all, the beasts at the Zoo cost money. If the Duke likes to keep a few queer animals, why in the world shouldn't he?"

"Try to follow me," Noggins rejoined quietly. "The most casual observer of England cannot fail to notice the central condition of our modern life, which is the dreadful poverty of three-quarters of the people and the enormous wealth of the few. We have all recently seen how alienated even the professional politicians are from the real movements of Labour, how strangely divorced from reality the

work and spirit of Westminster now is, how silently but unmistakably the force of political life has grown to be this economic problem of industry, working, as it were, subterraneously apart from and very often in contradiction to the programme of the politicians. The question to the vast majority of Englishmen to-day is not Irish Home Rule, but English Home Rule. What working man cares about Welsh Disestablishment, about any secular controversy? Almost all the old planks of politics that used to convulse the country have lost their interest to-day, because the great question of the time is the condition of England question, the wage-earning question, the relationship of Labour to capital. The Feudal influence of the aristocracy has gone because the aristocracy abandoned their traditional independence and power when they merged their lot with the Tariff Reform fortunes of plutocracy, aligning themselves with the material interests of capitalism in direct antagonism to the people who had served them so loyally throughout so many centuries and upon whom they counted for support. That was the reason why the House of Lords fell so ignominiously, without a shot fired, without a tear—it fell before the demand of democratic and essentially conservative England because it had become the mere ancillary of capitalism.

"Instead of politics, the people were given economics. Before the Tariff Reform issue England was probably the most ignorant of all West European nations in all that concerned political economy, scientific, theoretic, and practical—to-day she is the most interested. It has transformed the whole mechanism of politics. It is the driving-force of all Liberal legislation, the reason of our German-imported Insurance Laws, of the Chancellor's whole philosophy. And if the Conservatives were to come into power to-morrow they would find that without a sweeping Social Reform programme they would be fighting a vain battle, misunderstanding and misunderstood. The whole woman's question is economic. The revolt against our hereditary ecclesiastical and now obsolete Divorce Laws is economic —the freedom and equality of women. The sudden realisation by the people of the savage and negative employment of national wealth necessitated by the gigantic armament competition is economic and sound, and one of the main causes of the ominous growth of fighting Socialism in the

German Empire. The old terminologies of our politics are dead. Whig and Tory have little meaning to-day. Last August, Feudal Conservatism was crushed by the bourgeois conservatism of the country.

"And you ask what that buffalo reveals to me? I'll tell you. He seems to me a huge sign-post pointing to the cross-roads. His presence shows me that while three-quarters of England are in a chronic state of insurgency and pity, the ruling forces are still dormant; still living complacently for their own ends, ignoring or ignorant of the economic phenomena they have conjured up, which threaten to engulf them. The motto to-day is not live and let live, but the fierce struggle for life. If those who have not are acquiring the rights and privileges of direction, still more should those who have fit themselves to be the fittest.

"And they are not. I say that deliberately. Our class system of education is obsolete, narrowing where it should expand. Our aristocracy have grown disheartened, indifferent, no longer leading in the affairs of England, sullen, on the defensive. In the scramble of modern political life things are no longer duly thought out; it is still a game, whereas the problems of labour are earnest. If all values, from the price of Consols to Knighthoods, have fallen, the question of labour has risen, shaping for victory, because it alone is serious. Now that buffalo shows me that the classes are apathetic; that they have no leading mind marshalling them to the new facts, directing and teaching them. They still think that the 'Rads' will shortly be thrown out and the Tories come in with the old privileges and perquisites, and the old jolly political picnic will be resumed, and they will get once more 'what we want.' But they will be grievously mistaken, even if, as is quite probable, within a couple of years they do come back with the pendulum.

"I think it was Oscar Wilde," continued Noggins, "who said, 'Nothing succeeds like excess.' There's a lot of truth in that. In England, with our principle of individualism and distrust of systematised government and theory, it is always difficult to take the soundings of great movements and convulsions, and so at the present time we still find

people questioning whether all the labour trouble, this strike epidemic, is not chaotic rather than co-ordinate, anarchic rather than constructive on any conscious lines of political or economic endeavour. It seems to me to be extremely co-ordinate and conscious. I can see nothing of an anarchist nature about it, nothing that is not entirely in accordance with the evolution of the body politic, rating men now no longer as slaves bound to a feudal system which was in its way soulful, but as literate individuals ranged against a machine which by its very nature is humanly and economically soulless."

"But that buffalo, Noggins—for I think you should stick to our buffalo—he is not soulless, is he? And what has he to do with the machine?" "This," returned Noggins. "He is the fly on the machine, whereas the vast human energy absorbed by the system is merely, so to speak, the fly-wheel. Everybody will admit that the two great forces of a country are those of labour and capital. In the ideal Socialist State, of course, they would be interrelated, co-operative, sharing equally the profits of labour, but in the modern civilised State they are antagonistic conceptions, and the more labour grows educated and enlightened the more difficult will it be to capital to ensure harmonious co-partnery. I don't think I'm exactly a Socialist, but I do feel very strongly the economic discrepancies of modern life, and when I see that buffalo there the hopelessness and pity of it all overwhelm me.

"The question of a man's liberty depends, after all, upon his personal conception of it. If entirely ignorant, a man is not troubled by theories, ideas or conceptions—he works to live, as he may, like an animal. But these modern workmen of ours have not only conceptions, but theories and ideas; they have a mind as well as a stomach. How then can you expect them to go on toiling for a minimum wage of life without hope or effort of improvement? That is where, it seems to me, the owning classes fail in actuality. They do not grasp the new conditions of life, the new man that works in factory and workshop, the new masonry of class feeling that has spread among them. They look upon strikes as a personal social grievance. They overlook the fact that strikes are the expression of conscious dignity of the individual, that the new man can hardly be expected to

work in the old conditions, that the call of science is creating a new type of workman, who is himself scientific. I do not call it war—I would call it evolution. Nor is it necessarily an unhealthy sign. What is unhealthy in modern England is the indifference of the propertied classes."

"And what would you do, Noggins, if you were the Duke, for that is the important question?" and for a moment Noggins was silent. "A Duke," he said, "can do a great deal if he chooses, by example, by organisation, by individuality. He could begin with the other Dukes, with his sons, with the women and those around him. He could establish an atmosphere, found a policy, a school of economics, above all, he could take a sympathetic interest in the vital problems of the day. His influence would be infectious, his example followed. The rich might then regain part of the prestige they have lost, resume an active share in the direction of the country. But that is purely hypothetical. The thing is to see things as they are. And certainly they are not so working, they are not even so thinking. There is a fatalism about all nobility. The deluge was foreseen in France decades before it came, yet none of them cared. None of them here seem to care. And that is the danger of the whole situation.

"It is a danger, because nothing in the world stands still, and if those who might do so much remain apathetic the others who seek to achieve something will succeed. And the others are seeking improvements—better wages, better food, better conditions. Can you blame them? Can you wonder when you see the drab misery of their lives? Wouldn't you and I with our book knowledge fight, if we were penned in similar economic trammels? Do you know that at this moment in Germany, on any system of proportional representation, the German Reichstag would be nearly three parts Socialistic, and that if they had a constitutional Government the whole Hohenzollern dynasty would be the merest appanage of democracy? Yet it is so. And it is only force that keeps this hydra in check. It is only the army, which in turn is growing Socialistic, that sits on the scuttles of revolution.

"It sounds red to you, no doubt, but personally I feel no anxiety, because it appears to me the normal evolution

of our industrial conditions, neither very surprising nor alarming. Capitalism has materialised our civilisation, as is apparent even in the arts. We are out for money. After all, it is the cry of every intelligent shopkeeper. We want as much as we can get. So does the modern miner, railwayman, joiner, tinker, tailor, and the northern lass who is a Suffragette. Your education has taught the daughters of the working classes to strum on the piano—they will soon want the pianola of the classes. Your Press has provided the masses with encyclopædias of knowledge—they are beginning to write history themselves. One advantage leads to another always, just as a baby presupposes a mother. See in Russia how what we called the revolution failed! It failed because the Moujik is still an utterly illiterate man steeped in the superstitions of the ikon. But here we have only the unicorns of blazonry left to us; there are no superstitions, except around Bond Street, and, as we know, the circulations of our halfpenny newspapers are miraculous.

"The real trouble lies in the mental indolence of the ruling classes. They, too, should be striving, striking, seeking remedies for the new exigencies, battling loyally in the common interest of the economic state. But are they? Not one whit! All they do is to complain, to talk of the country going to the dogs, to repeat the old crusty apophthegms of the Victorian era, and then they wonder that Demos is getting out of hand and that restless Welshmen rule the country. There is no evil in this restless spirit—a mother rejoices to see her baby kick—but there is serious harm in apathy. It is this discrepancy that matters, that constitutes what may be called the crisis, the out-of-condition attitude of the classes, the growing fitness of the masses. For work is as hard as ever; our life has grown harder. The impelling forces of poverty are growing stronger than the directing energies of comfort.

"Not stronger either, more clamant and insistent, I suppose, for snobbery is still the rock bottom of our English life, and the owning and governing classes still get all the soft jobs, while the proletarian sits in the crow's-nest. That is why that —— buffalo there just makes me jib. There is a terrible lot of newspaper talk about Labour revolt and

Socialism, but what are the real facts? First, that in spite of all the murmurings and reverberations, there is no big daily Labour newspaper in the country, no propagandist organ, no mouthpiece, that is, for the millions of England's wage-earners. The finest paper in Germany is the *Vorwärts*, with a circulation considerably larger than the *Daily Mail*. What does the English workman read?"

"Bits," I shouted. "I know, Noggins. I'm in that line." Noggins smiled. "You're right. He reads bits, whereas the Frenchman and the German read theories. The English workman is still only toying with the doctrine of Social Democracy, treating it with much the same fear and dislike as the upper classes in the schools and Universities have always treated everything connected with science and the imaginative scientific outlook. In the classes it is due to the sway of the Church, which naturally feared scientific revelation; with the people it is upheld by the imitative force of snobbery. The result is the chaos of the present situation. Chaos because in a country where imagination and brilliancy are suspect virtues and the public life is ravelled with legal intricacies, the State is naturally hidebound by a Party system, which in turn is largely wire-pulled by the lawyer. And lawyers are strangely unimaginative, uncreative men. It is catastrophe alone which teaches us in England. The Boer war, the fall of the Lords, are examples. Don't you see what that old buffalo stands for? He is the writing on the wall.

"No, listen, for it is good for a London editor to hear some English truth from a fellow from the North. What I say to you is this: Do you suppose that the workmen of this country are always going to submit to the hard economic conditions which enslave them without class and organised attempts to obtain a share in the profits of labour; or that any so-called minimum wage can ever be regarded as permanent? Of course not. And if they were so minded and subdued, they would cease to be typical Englishmen. The words prescience and provision seem to have gone out of the public conscience because we are all boggling with the evanescences of party politics, while statesmanship is mistaken for opportunism. We are like ants in a disturbed nest, running aimlessly hither and thither. There is no scientific organisation, little care,

little aptitude for organisation. There is no definite comprehension of the conditions, no comprehensive scheme to meet them. There is no systematised and far-seeing view. And the State is the gymnasium for the politicians.

"Look now at that tame buffalo. He is out of place in that green Ducal Park. He is absurd, like Feudalism, like those Martello towers on the coast, like everything that has lost its use and actuality; and he reminds me of the class that keeps him. That is why the creature so annoys me. It is because he is doing nothing, seeing nothing, being nothing. Now, as you know, a kettle full of water will evaporate into air under the energy of heat. And I say that the directive energy of the nation to-day is coming from below. The State, the aristocracy, the buffaloes of convention and tradition are like the placid water in the kettle; the fire is kindled by the people. But it is not revolution. It is not anti-monarchical. There is no personal element about it. What is articulate is the growing sense of mass injustice, the growing consciousness of knowledge, which, as we all know, is a dangerous because it is an ambitious stimulus."

"Noggins," I protested, "you talk like a Welsh elder. Look here, it is nearly four o'clock. I've had no lunch. Perorate, for goodness' sake," and my plea had its effect. Noggins rose and pulled me to my feet. "It's a great question," he resumed, "whether we men will not have to fall back upon the scientific organisation of the animals, such as the bees and the ants, and socialise the whole economy of the body politic. If the entity of man is humanity, the humanity of men is the State. That being so, the spasmodic, centrifugal, contradictory dissipation of energies, individual or collective, must lead in the end to chaos and confusion, whereas in the hives of bees and in any conception of the ideal State the telos or goal of the community is towards one single concentrated whole. Why should we men with our books and sophistries, our brains and science, waste our substances in pursuits that scientifically we know to be vain and negative? Yet the nearest thing humanity possesses to the organic philosophy of the bees is the discipline and order of a battleship. The highest state yet evolved by man is a Dreadnought—the engine of his destruction. And the people are beginning

to know this: the health, the happiness, the brightness, the well-being, the physical development of the race—ah, such things we leave to theorists and to the German professors. But man is learning to fight for men, for the common cause of the whole, as women are fighting for the sex. The thing is to realise this movement, this higher step towards emancipation. The thing is . . ."

"Look here, Noggins," I interposed, "I'm going on to Littlehampton. Are you coming?" With a wave of his stick in the direction of the buffalo, Noggins swung into his stride. "Cheer-O," he said, good-humouredly, "I've had my say. That —— beast has done me good. Step out, and be d——d to him!" I felt I must get in a last word. "Noggins," I said presently, intending to crush him, "I believe you'd like to eat that —— buffalo." And the stern, indefatigable man only laughed. "Sure. So I would. The rump and heart of that beast are real delicacies."

Liberalism in the Village

By Lisle March Phillipps

LIBERALS, explaining the fact that the Southern Counties constitute the impregnable stronghold of Toryism, are wont to point to what is called the "territorial influence" which prevails in these districts, and to the terrorism which it is said to exercise over those who come under its sway. The territorial influence is real, and it is true that many stand in awe of it, but it is more subtle and less brutal than is often supposed. Nine landlords out of ten know not of the existence of any undue influence, and would indignantly repudiate it. Yet it continues surreptitiously to operate. It filters down through devious channels. An agent, a bailiff, a keeper, a butler will do what his master would not do, and perhaps does not know has been done. It takes very little to terrorise a village, for helpless people are sensitive to the least indications of sympathy or antipathy. Expected even when unseen, the danger hovers like a kite in the sky. Its shadow is greater than itself. For one it strikes, it threatens many. And yet, in spite of all this, no mistake can be greater than to suppose, as Liberals so often do, that the territorial rule is wholly or even mainly one of fear.

Liberals will never know what it is they have to combat as long as they make that mistake. In a recent article in the *Nation*, a dreadful picture was drawn of the state of veiled hatred and hostility existing between employers and employed through rural England, and sayings were quoted of various well-to-do people expressing their indignation that farm labourers should have the vote, and recommending, as a remedy for all this, "the gradual and judicious disenfranchisement of the mass of the people." We were told of the "sacred fury against the labouring classes" which "appears to fill the hearts of the wives of the country clergy," and of how this kind of feeling existed among "every class of employers," and was "the same all over England." These reports do harm to the Liberal cause,

for they serve to show the utter lack of understanding which prevails between modern Liberalism and country life. There is a kind of critic who can see only the evidence he is in search of, who will sweat all day over hill and dale and find a discontented peasant in one parish and a peevish parson's wife in another, and forthwith down go their remarks in the note-book, and after a while, after dredging the countryside, he finds he has picked up enough to make a case. It is all real, he will tell you, all taken from life. Yes, but how much else was real too? How much else that would have swamped that bitterness might also have been taken from life, but was not taken? He is prompt to celebrate every token of hatred and malice, but where is the chronicle of all those "little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love" which make up so large a part of country life, and through the midst of which this human sleuth-hound was all day unconsciously tracking his way?

There are stronger influences than fear and hate in country life. It possesses a certain solidarity in which all unite. In the peasant's eyes the squire is the fine flower of that life, but he himself belongs to it too. He, too, in a dim, far-off way shares in the squire's splendour, for he is among the forces which are essential to the squire's production. His patient toil, in himself unrewarded, is consummated in the free step and gallant bearing of the man whose life still is of a kind of polished rusticity; who rides as straight as he shoots, and has a neighbour's sympathy for all that grows in the country. Many imperceptible ties weave that life together. It appeals to personal loyalty, to old associations and memories of help and service rendered for generations. It touches the imagination, and stirs a not ignoble sentiment. This is what is best and this is what is strongest in the territorial influence. Moreover, this also is what Liberalism finds it most difficult to meet. If it were a question only of the material gains or losses which the good or the ill will of the rich might imply, Liberals might trust to the effect of legislation on similar lines, legislation directed to bettering and securing the lot of the workers. But it is not a question only of such material gains and losses. The squirearchy does command a kind of devotion. It has its hold on the instinctive, inarticulate emotionalism of the peasantry. To dull lives of an unrelieved poverty it often lends the touch of colour

which only sentiment can bring. Liberalism in these days does not address itself to sentiment at all. It does not touch people's hearts, or appeal to their pride. Yet it might easily do so.

For the English peasantry is capable of taking a profound interest in those ideas which constitute the very essence and spirit of Liberalism, those ideas, I mean, which have to do with the growth and development of liberty, the part it has played in English history, the obstacles it has encountered, and how it has faced them. But, while our peasants are perfectly able and willing to identify themselves with the central conviction of their race, they get little opportunity of so doing owing to the fact that this view of politics forms no part of the official treatment which is now paramount. It seems that the generality of political speakers are in dread of talking, as it is called, "over the heads of their audience." Not understanding that men may be wise by instinct who intellectually are quite uninstructed, they presume that to talk seriously and thoughtfully to a village audience is mere waste of breath. It is a fatal blunder, and its consequences are being widely felt at the present moment. They are felt in a very prevalent lack of any real depth of Liberal conviction. Constantly appealed to on the selfish, narrow ground of the personal profit to be derived from particular measures, the Liberal democracy insensibly adopts the habit of judging Liberalism by the standard which its own politicians have set up, the standard of immediate material gains and losses. It takes the official speakers at their own word. It follows their train of reasoning, and sums up each act of legislation simply as it affects their cupboards or their pockets. We gave you this, we gave you that; you will get this, you will get that—such is the burden of the eloquence of the party speakers. What wonder if the average peasant comes to regard his chances of "making a bit out of it" as the test of a good Government? So sedulously, indeed, and so successfully have his views been narrowed down to instant gains by a long course of party oratory, that when such a measure as the Insurance Act is passed, which demands an initial outlay instead of proffering an immediate dole, he is nonplussed, and becomes suspicious, even indignant. Something, he thinks, has gone wrong with the machine. This is altogether contrary to any political philosophy that ever he was taught. Official Liberalism

laments his short-sightedness, but does not ask itself how far it is itself to blame for that short-sightedness.

The present writer, having for the last year and a half been Liberal candidate or prospective candidate in one of the largest and most Tory of the southern county divisions, has had the usual opportunities of listening to the delegates from the Home Counties Association explaining the Budget, explaining Tariff Reform, explaining the Insurance Act, and has been able to observe the line taken by them, the arguments relied on and the sentiments appealed to, as well as the impression made upon the audience and the after effect in the neighbourhood, and it is because he is convinced that this kind of political instruction, useful as it is in many ways, is totally devoid of what ought to be the most essential qualities of any such teaching, and therefore is exercising a pernicious influence on English Liberalism that he is anxious to enter a protest against it; yet to protest, it will be understood, not for what it does, but for what it leaves undone.

That politics should become more and more officially organised as time goes on is probably inevitable. The tendency is at present for central associations to organise regiments of speakers, whose business it is to study the measures of the party programme in order that they may act as their interpreters to the country. No sooner does it appear, from the closing in of the enemy's forces upon a particular issue, that such a question is to form a subject of controversy between the parties than the trained and disciplined light troops of Liberalism are flung out in clouds over the country to withstand the threatened attack. They are, so far as my experience goes, and as one would naturally expect them to be, a body of extremely able and intelligent men, and they do work which is not only useful in itself, but which, were it not done, would lay the party open to the most damaging treatment at the hands of its adversaries. But their exposition, from the very nature of the case, is bound to be a limited one. Switched on, now to this subject, now to that, obliged to mug up every question as it presents itself, their activity expressly confined to that measure, their attention concentrated for the time being upon it and it alone, it necessarily follows that their handling of it will be of a purely explanatory and practical kind. They will understand the Bill. They will be able to explain the Bill. They will have the entire

contents of the Bill at their fingers' ends. But they will not travel beyond the Bill, and the part it may play in realising the Liberal ideal of breeding a race of free men and free women will be a consideration altogether outside their survey.

So circumscribed a treatment is bound to be inadequate. For Bills are like building stones. Each one has not only to be trimmed and cut to fit its own place and fulfil its own functions, but it is also to be regarded architecturally as an essential part of the structure of Liberalism. The Insurance Act, for instance, contains within itself certain provisions for the welfare of working men and women. But that does not make it a Liberal measure. An Act distributing free beefsteaks every day to working men would likewise provide practical benefits, but it would not be a Liberal measure: very much the contrary. The Insurance Act is typically Liberal because, in the first place, being based on the just claims of labour and the contributions of working men and women, the benefits it offers are such as a free people can accept; and because, in the second place, those benefits are such as must needs be a powerful aid and stimulus to independence of life. Therefore the Act is in its right place in the Liberal edifice, and relevant, as it were, to the style of that architecture.

Now evidently some ideas of interest may be opened up on this side. Liberalism is not a matter of politics only, and would be incapable of realisation if it were so. It embraces life. Political enfranchisement little avails a section of the community which exists in a state of dependence, for employment, housing, and help in time of sickness, on a socially superior class. Such people are unfree in the conditions of their lives. Their lives it is which need enfranchising. Hence the intimate concern of Liberalism with life, and its instinctive endeavour to foster such conditions of life as make for independence. No section of society can remain permanently free in the political sense, yet abjectly dependent in the conditions of its life. For either the spirit of liberty will spread from politics to life, or the spirit of servitude will spread from life to politics. No one, I feel certain, knows better than its author the significance of the Insurance Act in this respect, for it is concerned with precisely those conditions of life into which the influences most hostile to liberty have

bitten most deeply. Sickness and unemployment are the twin terrors which haunt the cottage home and communicate to it the sense of insecurity which instinctively seeks a prop in those whose circumstances are more firmly established. How much the Act will accomplish in substituting self-reliance and self-help for the charity and patronage now largely prevailing only time can determine, but without doubt it promises to be the heaviest blow yet dealt at the territorial influence, since it attacks that influence in its very stronghold, and disentangles it from those intimate concerns of life with which it seemed inextricably involved. Moreover, it must be added that the Act lays the foundations amongst the peasantry of a principle which it has been the dream of every Liberal stalwart to implant among them. How to draw together the country population in the bonds of a conscious unity and do for the scattered peasantry of our countrysides what Trade Unions have done for the industrial population of towns is a problem on the successful solution of which the forward march of liberty seems very much to depend. Hitherto the sparseness of the peasantry, the isolation of their households, and the all-pervading atmosphere of an authority apparently without limit and a wealth apparently without end in the midst of the evidences of which their lives are engulfed and swallowed up, so that the only attitude possible for them seems one of inert acquiescence in the play of the mighty forces by which they are surrounded—hitherto these circumstances have invested the idea of union with so many perils as to render it impracticable. But that idea now comes among us backed by the authority and power of the State, and I do not doubt that the operations of the Act, working through the society of which he is a member, will by and by open the peasant's eyes to the existence of undreamt-of forces latent in his own class, and a possible solution of life's riddle which had never yet occurred to him. There is little fear, once the effects of co-operation and union are seen and felt, that these natural means of defence for human beings will remain longer unused.

It will be seen, then, that the Insurance Act (and the same is true of all typical Liberal measures) can be looked at from two quite different points of view. Either it may be looked at as a measure tending to the development of free conditions of life, and, in country districts, where it is most needed, suggesting the efficacy of union and infusing

into every cottage home a quite new sense of security and independence, or it may be considered as a sort of bran-pie for poor people, into which they have but to dip to extract some material benefits, free medicine, or doctors, sick pay, sanatoria, and the rest of them. That the latter interpretation of the Act is necessary to the right understanding of it no one will deny. But I maintain that the former interpretation is also necessary; nay, that it is the most necessary, for it deals with considerations which are of more powerful influence, go deeper into life, and are of more effect in moulding character than the others. Yet it is practically ignored. The writer has listened to speakers by the score on this subject at country meetings, and the one and only impression given always is that the Act is "a good thing," is "good business," and that the contributor will get his money's worth out of it and a good bit over, and incidentally that, as a wide-awake customer and one who knows on which side his bread is buttered, he will support a Government which lays the butter on so generously.

That is all. Of the Act as a move in the slow struggle for liberty, of the supports it brings up to where they were most needed, and the effect it is likely to have on the future development of the Liberal campaign, not a word. The speakers, who have been especially coached in the provisions of the Act, and sent out to explain it and to remain within it, are not to blame. Many of them would readily take a higher view of their mission. The present writer, when he has suggested to some of them that the side of the subject to which he has alluded did in fact exist, that it was calculated to appeal to men's imaginations, and that it was a pity to ignore it, has always been met with ready agreement. Though it was not for them to open up that side of the question, yet they fully saw the advantages of such a course when put before them. Why had they not heard of that obvious interest in so great a question? Why had it not been made their business to handle the measure in its relation to our national ideals? How did it come about that they should be supposed to be equipped for the elucidation of such an Act as this and yet never have given a thought to those very aspects of it which are fraught with most profound significance? I do not know what leaders of ours instruct these emissaries, but upon them a great responsibility rests. It was said that no one went out from Pitt's presence uninspired. "The ardour of his soul

had set the whole kingdom on fire," writes Macaulay. "It inflamed every soldier who dragged the cannon up the heights of Quebec, and every sailor who boarded the French ships among the rocks of Brittany." We could do with a touch of that spirit to-day in our political propaganda, but it does not appear to be forthcoming.

We got rather tired at last of the sort of stuff that was served out to us. However poor men may be, they are not readily inspired by appeals to the pocket alone; nor is an audience united by such appeals, nor does it disperse with a sense of enhanced political sympathy after having listened to them. Some of us were fitfully interested; a few practical spirits might attend throughout and be prepared with intelligent questions at the end. There was some curiosity, and, thanks to Tory help in explaining the Bill, a good deal of misunderstanding of it prevalent. But when all doubts had been dispelled and all the benefits in store for them had been elaborately displayed and made the most of, the villagers would still turn homeward with an air of discontent or indifference. It needed no lifetime's experience of them to know that they were unsatisfied. Though they had heard of many material advantages coming their way, yet they wanted something more, something different. They wanted some recognition and appeal, not merely to their instincts as poor men, but also to their instincts as free men and Englishmen. They wanted to be told of something nobler in the Act than that it gave them ninepence for fourpence and medicine for nothing. It is a little depressing when one has a nodding acquaintance with want to have it assumed as a matter of course that all one's thoughts and desires are of a sordid quality. "What can such poor miserable drudges as you want with anything save immediate material relief?" was the implication contained in every speech. The poverty was true, no doubt; but something else is true too. There is hidden away in the characters of these people an aspiration, a hope, beyond their present lot, which, though quite indefinable to themselves, does dimly associate them in the purpose and destiny of their race, and when no recognition of this higher hope is forthcoming, the feeling generated is one of lassitude and depression.

A town-bred speaker often misunderstands country audiences. He must have recognition, and unless he gets it he will cast about in his repertory of small jokes and

local allusions for ammunition to "wake 'em up" with. They do not want waking up. A rustic audience is at its best when quite silent and stolidly attentive. Speak to it simply, but of important things. Speak to it of the ideas which have governed history and the motives which, ever since England was a nation, have inspired popular enthusiasm. It will very likely listen in stony silence, but do not speak for applause. Speak as if you were speaking to England herself. These men are mere bits of England that pass their lives among the fields and woods, and have got momentarily transplanted in here from the soil where they belong. They have the character of the earth they plough and the cattle they tend, yet are they capable of assimilating ideas in a way of their own, and if you chance to have said anything of real import to them (such as you would like to put in a book and be remembered by), though they make no sign at the time, they will very likely chew the cud of it for days and weeks afterwards. They tempt one to dwell on what there is mysterious in the human understanding; for it is not to any consciously reasoning faculty you seem to speak in them, but rather to some dumb profound racial instinct of which they themselves are unaware. "In the soul of one who is ignorant," wrote Wilde in one of those moments of insight which illumined his prison life, "there is always room for a great idea." I have often thought that the lives of these men and their hereditary intimate familiarity with the stuff England is made of has fostered their instinct as much as it has undoubtedly diminished their quickness of thought and understanding. This is what throws the town speaker out of gear with his country audience, that he cannot distinguish the difference between a consciously intelligent appreciation of facts and arguments and an instinctive inward appreciation of sentiments and ideals. The former type of understanding belongs to the towns, the latter to the country. Anyone can speak to a town audience, for nothing is so easy to handle as facts, but it needs impulses of deeper birth to move an audience of peasants.

We are wasting, it seems to me, great opportunities. Why, with heavy guns at our command, do we not bring them into action? We Liberals have this great advantage, that we can address ourselves directly to the dominant instinct of our race; for I suppose no Liberal will question that the ideal of liberty, which is the essence of Liberalism,

is also, and always has been, the chief incentive in the national life. We have changed all but that. From the days when our wild ancestors, surging westward, overwhelmed the ordered officialism and ponderous routine of Rome, and on its ruins built up their own self-governing communities, tingling with individual initiative, and in their every act and law and in all their daring experiments in art exhibiting to the world the spirit of liberty which possessed them—from that day to this what is not changed save the ideal we started with? We have changed our language; we have changed our art; we have changed our religion. In place of barbarism we are civilised; in place of ignorance we have much knowledge. There is no element, no factor in the national life, which has not been altered out of recognition save only that primitive instinct for liberty which was used to reanimate the Imperial lethargy and to substitute independence for control as the mainspring of society. That contest has not been altered, nor the combatants. The influences that make for freedom and the influences that make for dependence are little different from what they were. A wanderer from the Middle Ages coming among us, though he found all else strange, would recognise the signs of a free citizenship pressing its ancient claims and a feudalism doggedly defending its ancient privileges. Not in a merely sentimental, but in a literal and historical, sense, liberty may be said to be our national ideal. Some day an English history will be written on these lines, taking this instinct for liberty as its central motive, and the clue, as it were, to the whole historical drama; treating campaigns, and the reigns of kings and the rise and fall of Governments as mere excrescences and accidents, and the struggle towards a fuller realisation of liberty as the main theme and spinal cord of the nation's life. This is what binds our history together from age to age, and gives it unity and sequence. It is the thread on which outward acts and events are strung. It is what has made all progress in civilisation and science possible, for it is the power which upholds and sustains the very structure of our society. I cannot but think that such a history, when it comes to be written, will, since it deals with what gives history coherence, be the most coherent of all histories. But however that may be, it is certain that the whole story is one which pre-eminently lends itself to simple and intelligible treatment. For since, though we have shifted

the ground somewhat, the struggle in conditions and combatants remains essentially the same, nothing is easier than to connect on any vital question of present-day politics with the events of the past, to show how it occupies its inevitable place in the development of the main action, and to make every village voter conscious that he is a soldier in an army whose first battalions can be discerned a thousand years ago mustering for a campaign which is not ended yet.

We call England free, not because she is or she has been really free, but because she is, as she always has been, struggling towards freedom, because that is her ideal. There is no peasant in the land so dull as not to feel this if you put it to him clearly, having first thought it out clearly in your own mind. You speak, when you talk to him on such subjects, not to that limited intelligence of his, but to the something far deeper, to what in him is character and temperament rather than mind, and binds present and past generations together in a single racial endeavour. Be his brains what they may, he is of English clay. This, I say, is our Liberal advantage, that preaching Liberalism we preach a doctrine which touches the quick of English character. Yet that advantage we deliberately forgo. Instead of striking the deep national chords which all hearts thrill to, we keep tinkling away at the thin treble notes of gain and self-interest. And then, when we have exhausted ourselves in gifts and promises and find our forces after all dissipating, we bitterly upbraid our followers and lament that "there is no gratitude in politics." Thank heaven at least for that! It will be an ill day for liberty when the people follow a Government for doles. Rome was enslaved by free bread, and you may win a dog to follow you on the like terms. We want, not servile gratitude, but the co-operation of free men.

Contrast what we might do with what we do. We might enlist on our side the staunchest and most steadfast instincts of our race, for these instincts exist "in widest commonalty spread," and are always ready to respond to the note of sincerity and conviction. This the writer would emphasise as a matter of personal knowledge and experience, for, though himself an indifferent and unpractised speaker, he has never addressed a village audience without being intensely aware of the rugged English sentiment latent in it, and aware, too, that success in approaching it is a measure of the sincerity and sympathy of the speaker. We

hear a great deal too much about the stupidity of the peasantry. It is men of a shallow way of thinking and office-trained minds who make these charges. English peasants are far from shallow, but you must know yourself how to voice English convictions before you can sound them. Official Liberalism cannot voice these convictions. It does not even know of their existence. Yet the voice of official Liberalism is almost the only Liberal voice the people hear. That voice, speaking to them in the name of the Government, explains to them the Government's conception of the meaning of Liberalism. It explains that Liberalism means getting your money's worth and a bit over. Is it to be wondered at that the great democratic movement of 1906 has, I do not say *done* so little, for thanks to energetic party leaders it has done much, but so little confirmed itself in the popular goodwill and touched so little the popular imagination? It is we ourselves, we preachers of Liberalism, using our principles for vote-catching bait, who industriously and persistently educate the people in a mean creed, and then wonder to find their hearts so little engaged in it. With every year that passes we are losing a little ground, and that not from any attacks of the enemy, for never was a party more bankrupt in all that should make it formidable—men, ideas, a constructive policy—than the Conservative party is at the present moment; no, we are losing ground simply from our own inability worthily to represent our cause. There is a strain of ancient allegory about the sword that one Knight alone could draw, the bow that one hand could bend. We cannot wield the weapons that are in our hands. Our greatest measures and reforms, explained as we explain them, arouse no enthusiasm. The peasant still thinks the squire's jolly greeting, as he rides by on his way to the meet, a better and cleaner thing than the snuffling "ninepence for fourpence" that Liberal speakers have been dinning into him.

What are we to do? Let our leaders and head organisers of the party grasp the situation. Men live by sentiment and feeling, and the feudal system may still justify a certain devotion. Official Liberalism can justify none. Just because of its confident trust in sordid motives, it offers nothing which can be pitted against the sentiment in feudalism. But Liberalism itself contains something which can be pitted against it. That is what we want. Can they, our leaders, for a change, send men to talk to

us who are Liberals, not for anything that can be made out of Liberalism, but because they are heart and soul attached to the cause of English liberty; men who will talk not to our bellies and pockets only, but to what else we have in us which is worth calling English? If they will send such men (and they are not difficult to find—Nonconformist ministers are typical of them), a healthier tone would be inspired into Liberal politics throughout the country districts, and the blight which official Liberalism has brought upon the land would by and by be eradicated. Only to do this they must, of course, believe that it is worth doing; they must have faith in the cause of liberty themselves.

The Love Child in Germany and Austria

(From Official Reports and the Proceedings of the Dresden Congress)

By C. Smith-Rossie

Professor Othmar Spann, of Brunn, and District-Judge Franz Janisch, of Friedland, in Austria, have both contributed within the last few years weighty, though not large, books on this subject which have not as yet attracted the attention they deserve in the English Press.

The fact is, most people here regard the "unhonoured child—Unechtes Kind, as the Germans so quaintly express it—as a matter of small importance and distasteful to discuss. It is a kind of dishonour even to speak of it, and the sorrow and pitifulness is so hidden up that most of us are scarcely aware of its immense existence amongst us. It is a subject taboo, and by being taboo forgotten. Only the workers in the deeps of the abyss know how large it looms as a factor in social disintegration—in the degeneration that leads to the prison, the casual ward, and our ever-increasing hosts of the submerged. Only the eye of the scientist can see in the "unhonour" of the "unhonoured" child the seed-corn of that which shall become the dishonour of the dishonourable man.

It is to destroy this seed-corn of social ruin in the bud that Germany is now paying so much attention to this subject; and although we may not approve of all her legislation, yet it will be useful to compare it with our own *laissez-faire*.

But first let me enlighten those who do not study vital statistics of a fact revealed therein by the Registrar-General—and which otherwise would appear incredible—viz., the immense number of these poor children that come into the world each year in this country—viz., in round figures approximately 50,000. Taking the statistics for 1910, there were 37,509 born in England and Wales, 8,472 in Scotland—that is to say, about *one million* in the course of

a single generation of twenty years! Surely a sufficiently large number to warrant even the necessity of the consideration of statesmen.

For all this vast host of worse-than-fatherless bairns we in this country have little special protection beyond the well known fact that the father may be compelled to pay a few shillings weekly for aliment if he can be sued within a year and a day of the birth of the child. If he disappears for that period he is free from even that meagre recognition of responsibility towards his innocent child. Naturally, therefore, a good many do disappear for the period in question. Undoubtedly it is a man-made law about which the Suffragettes can justly point in scorn.

In Germany they do things differently, and although in the twenty-five confederated States that form the German Empire there are differences of local legislation, they all agree in this:—

1. That the father of an out-of-marriage child shall not only provide it with aliment, but also that the word aliment shall be understood in so wide a sense as to include some sort of training to fit the child to earn its own livelihood in after-life—a compulsion unknown to us. Further, that should the child be mentally or physically so deficient that it is unable to earn its own support after the statutory age limit of sixteen, then the father must support it all his life (p. 43, *Das Rechtsverhaltnisse des Unehelichen Kindes.* Die pflicht kann demgemäss auch eine lebens langliche sein, z.B. bei einer dauernden Erwerbsunfahigkeit des kinde in Folge etwa von körperlichen oder geistigen Gebrechen).

2. That for every "out-of-marriage" child there shall be a Vormund or guardian officially appointed to enforce the laws, and that this Vormund or guardian shall *never* be the mother. In Germany the mother may be guardian, but seldom is. In Austria it is illegal for her to be guardian (p. 11, *Die Öffentliche Schützfürsorge für die Unehelichen Kinder*). The objection to the mother being appointed guardian is that she might not like to displease the father of the child by putting in force the full laws to protect the child, and as a result the child might be neglected.

So strongly do both the German and Austrian lawmakers think of the duties of the Vormunden or guardians that all the most recent writers declare that the Vormund

must not be any private person (as is allowable by law), but a member of that admirable voluntary Poor Law Association named the Armenpflege, which is one of the things we need most of all to study here. In practice it is almost always the local chief of this Association who is named Vormund in the cities. He works by means of the lady members of the Society, the Armenpflegerin, who are united into small circles or Kreise associated with the larger district Bezirken, who all act together, and are to be found all over Germany and Austria giving self-sacrificing and honorary service to those fallen by the way in life's battle. In connection with this office of Vormund, it should be noted that it is forbidden by law to give the duties either to the father of the child or any of his relatives, the quaint reason being alleged that all of these would have less interest in the welfare of the child than in saving the pockets of the father!—a little note of German legislation that tells its own tale. It proves better than many books that the "unhonoured" child in Germany is to have at least a minimum of training for life, not a mere hard and fast "five shillings weekly till the age of sixteen," as we so commonly read in our own English papers.

"Five shillings weekly till the age of sixteen!"—of what value is that where there is no control of how that money is to be spent?—where the mother alone is to judge what shall be done with it? This poor, erring mother whom we may compassionate, but whom we cannot really trust with so sacred a duty as the complete training and upbringing of the poor little creature she has helped so greatly to wrong by its very birth. Five shillings weekly! How would any of us like to be fitted for life by just that amount given into the supreme control of a weak and pitiful girl-mother, who may have all the heart necessary but has so obviously exhibited the fact that she has not the brains!

On the Vormund—or, better still, the Berufsvormund—falls not only the supervision of this "aliment" money, which really includes training and education in an industry or handicraft, but also his part is to encourage the "legitimatisation," which is a part of the law of both Germany and Austria as it is of Scotland. It is derived from the ancient Roman law, on which the Scottish law is more nearly moulded than that of England. The "unhonoured" child becomes an "honoured" child by the simple process

of the father marrying its mother. Is it not pitiful to think that the honour or dishonour of any poor creature should be dependent on what somebody else does? Yet such is the case, and the child receives both name and honour on account of nothing it has either done or left undone, but simply because the Vormund or Berufsvormund has been able to prove to the father that it is better to do so.

According to the statistics laid before the Congress of Dresden by Professor Othmar Spann, the number of "unhonoured" children who thus become "honoured" is very high—so high that at the end of five years from birth of all those living, about two-thirds have been legitimatised in Dresden, whilst in Austria about one-half, 45·4 per cent. (see pp. 22–23 of *Die Lage und das Schicksal der Unehelichen Kindes*, by Professor Othmar Spann). Of course, it must be remembered that the death-rate amongst these children is very great, so that possibly by the end of five years nearly one-third of them would be dead; their death-rate is said to be twice as great during the first two years of life in some cities. In certain parts of Berlin (the Neuweissensee and Groslichterfelde, the death-rate in 1900 was 80 per cent. of those born living; whilst in Hamburg and most places it is 40 per cent. and more (see p. 16 of same authority).

The law of legitimatisation gives a right to a name, and that is a far greater advantage than some suppose. It shields its owner from that contempt which—thank God!—so many of us know nothing about; we who possess a name and a right to look other fellow-mortals in the face sometimes accept our privileges as we do the blessed sunshine and air we breathe, thanklessly and blindly. Yet take them from us, and see what we would have become. Think for a moment (if you can) what you yourself would feel had you no right to an honourable name, and at any moment the finger of scorn might be pointed at you!

Hard materialists may fancy this is a small matter compared to bread and butter—that it is a mere matter of sentiment, a thing of fantasy, of small importance in the practical world. They would rather hear discussions as to the weight of gruel the children are to get to eat or the condition of the flannel they wear.

Be not such a fool. No man who was a man at all ever became a man by simply thinking of gruel or flannel and

the rest of it. We are more than mere flesh and blood; we are spirits, and our spirits must be fed even as our bodies—better than our bodies, else both will perish. Better by far give a child an honoured name and heritage to emulate than set down before him the most scientific dietary or the most perfect discipline. Of course, *if you can*, give him *both*, but if not give him the first—*first of all.*

In a very learned treatise on this subject by Dr. A. Keller, Professor and Director of the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria Institution for the Protection of Children in Germany, and which he has written conjointly with Professor Heinrich Reicher, of Vienna, and entitled *Die Fürsorge für Uneheliche Kinder*, there appears a singular letter at p. 39, Zwei Vorträge, which the Professor says he received from some anonymous writer shortly after his speech at the Cologne Congress. The writer is anonymous, because he speaks from experience, and it is notable that he complains mostly of the contempt and scorn, and says quite plainly that unless this is changed no legislation will effect anything—"Vormund und Berufsvormund" notwithstanding!

The letter begins, "Werther Herr Professor"; and although the first few sentences run well, the rest of the letter shows the writer as wanting in culture, and of the humbler classes. He thanks the Professor for what he is doing, but he says all will be in vain unless some part of the shame *is taken from the child* and laid on the father. No matter how good a guardianship there may be, there is always the disgrace of the words, "I have no father," whether in the school, the Court, or the Army, and the sure and certain contempt that will follow those words amongst comrades. "Let these men be punished," he says; "five years in a House of Correction would not be too much; but let the children have a right to a name, and a protection until the age of twenty-one."

And it is evident that all the best German thinkers are approximating to this view, even if they do not speak so boldly; at least the age of sixteen is looming as a monstrous farce in all their treatises, for no child of sixteen can really earn its living. To fix such an age as the limit at which the child can obtain support from its parents is to make a mockery of justice and stultify all our efforts to put from our midst the vast and sorrowful army of the submerged. For we cannot avoid seeing that one potent reason for subversion must be in this ludicrous state of the law that

children "out-of-marriage" are supposed to be able to earn their living at an age when other children are scarcely supposed to be much beyond the nursery. Looking at a placard of "Warning" placed prominently in a post-office the other day, I observed that no child under sixteen was to be allowed to purchase a cigarette or to sell a bit of old metal on pain of the dealers being punished. Can argument go further than this as to the folly of fixing the age limit of support at sixteen for just the weakest and most pitiable of children?

All German thinkers regard the matter from this point of view, and although they do not go so far as the age of twenty-one, yet they see the wickedness and waste of the present system. For it is from these children that the army of the unskilled labour is filled, and from these again that the prisons and casual wards find their inmates in large numbers, both here and in Germany.

And yet in some respects it is easier to become a skilled workman in Germany than here, for every industry and handicraft is under order to take apprentices for at least one year before the latter can become workmen. There is some reason to believe that, like all other good things, this law may be misused, and the year of apprenticeship merely turned into a year of unpaid labour, of which the employer profits, but at least this compulsory apprenticeship clause of Germany will soon be turned to splendid advantage by the reforms demanded in the system, and in the book *Die Öffentliche Schützfürsorge für die Uneheliche Kinder*, by District Judge Janisch of Austria, it is stated at p. 20 that every out-of-marriage child should enjoy the advantages offered by the apprenticeship system, so that he "shall not have to earn his livelihood as a knock-about or herdsman"! (Das es nicht als hütsunge oder Knecht sein Leben fristen sein.)

The foregoing laws, viz., the Law of Extended Aliment, the Law of Vormundschaft (Guardianship), the Law of Legitimatisation, are general all over the German and Austrian kingdoms, but there are also local laws which materially affect for the good the unhappy fate of these children. There is, for instance, the Law of Inheritance—a most complicated one, and chiefly favourable in Prussia and Bavaria. The Common Law of Germany knows little of it, but the municipal laws abound with examples, and in some of them—such as those of Nuremberg—the out-

of-marriage child shares in the inheritance of the father so far as aliment is concerned, "wenn es eheliche wäre" (as if it were legitimate). In Prussia out-of-marriage children have an intestate right to one-sixth of their father's estate in cases where there are no other legitimate children—and have been themselves "recognised." In Bavaria they inherit the whole of the estate provided there are no legitimate children (see p. 156, *Das Rechtverhältnis des Unehelichen Kindes zu seinem Erzeuger*). It may be mentioned, though the subject does not belong to this article, that France has also a complex system of inheritance laws for such children as have been "recognised," though the French law ever since the Revolution has been disastrously and cynically cruel towards these poor helpless bairns.

If anyone doubts the seriousness of neglecting these children the object-lesson of France is before us in her multitudes of Apaches. What wonder there are masses of hopelessly savage creatures festering in the hovels round Paris when one remembers the famous prohibition, named Article 40 of her Code, which forbids even a prayer for compassion to be addressed to the fathers of these wretched ruined children! Unless, indeed, the father has condescended to express his permission for such a prayer by recognition!

The whole affair makes one's blood run cold—or hot. just as the passion of indignation affects us. For myself, it makes me so detest the very name of France that to this day I feel a horror of Paris as if it were "hell with the lid off"! Apaches, indeed, the wonder is that there are not more Apaches!

And yet France has some excellent laws of inheritance for such cases of "unhonoured" children as have received "recognition" by their fathers. But the iniquity of the system is that all this depends on the sheer caprice of the man—a caprice which, as the German law states, is generally adverse to the child, and therefore must never on any account be allowed to interfere with the guardianship or Vormundschaft! *This point may seem small, but it shows the extraordinary forethought exhibited by the German legislators, and proves them more scientific as well as more just than the French.*

It ought not to be by caprice but by justice that these relationships should be decided if we are to consider national welfare. The child is to become a future citizen,

and it is not good for the State to permit its father to neglect it. We—the other citizens of the State—object to such neglect, both from humane principles, and also patriotism and enlightened self-interest, for the consequences of neglect must fall on someone, and in this country they fall chiefly on the ratepayers.

Contrast our methods with the system of Germany—even though that system is far from perfect at present. Yet how far it exceeds ours in science applied to life. A few shillings weekly given into the uncontrolled command of the mother—this poor foolish mother who has so patently exhibited her incapacity for properly equipping the child for life—this is all we in this country compel! Whilst Germany compel much more than a few shillings weekly—nay, a whole host of other regulations which I have no space to mention—and above and beyond them all enforces a Vormundschaft, or guardianship, which shall supervise the best methods of carrying out the law—a guardianship which is never given either to the father or his relations, lest they narrow the "aliment" in self-interest—and is also seldom given even to the mother, lest she in her foolish wish to please the man should yield too much to his side and so deprive the child of some right for his future welfare.

Those who travel over Germany are surprised at the absence of beggars there, and also of any visible signs of either poverty or degradation such as are only too plainly visible in London and other great cities, Paris, Rome, New York, &c. May it not be that here, in what I have related, is one reason why a certain proportion of the poverty is banished from the land of the Kaiser? It is well known that the tramp class—(of which there are according to the report of the Charity Organisation Society, 1911, as many as 70,000 in England and Wales in times of distress)—are recruited very largely from the unskilled labour market; as, indeed, is also the prison population, skilled artisans being only found in small numbers under the fetter of the criminal law. Now our system, with its incredible *laissez-faire*, its culpable lack of supervision, is a direct encouragement to the manufacture of the unskilled. Such law as we have on this subject is of little value to the most helpless and weakest of all—the little child. The utmost we do is to compel the father to hand over a few shillings weekly to the mother, but we pay no heed how she spends it, provided she does not outrage the ordinary child protection law of the land. That *law of the land which does not compel any*

father to train his child for a livelihood! Of what use our ceaseless discussions about the mystery of the tramp and the Weary Willies if we make no step towards destroying the seed corn of their manufacture?

Perhaps it may be urged that the "unhonoured" child is so intrinsically destitute of "honour" that he will gravitate to destruction whatever we do! Most fatal error! The orphan child destitute of a home, and brought up amongst strangers or in institutions, may show a larger proportion of wastrels than children brought up naturally; but so far as statistics go the "unhonoured" child is no more likely to become a wastrel than any other if it be fairly treated. In fact, the very opposite is the case. Professor Spann has some wonderful figures on this subject, which he presented to the Congress at Dresden, 1909—they are for Frankfort-am-Main—in which a most elaborate research was made both in the Military Roll and also in the Handicrafts Register. And here it was shown clearly that so far from the "unhonoured child" tending to degradation, it was the very opposite! In all the Professor's researches he divided the children into four classes, namely, (1) those who had had the advantage of a normal home by being brought up in the household of a stepfather; (2) those who had been brought up in "eigentliche uneheliche," *i.e.*, either by fostermothers or with their mother; (3) those brought up in orphan houses; (4) those who were legitimate. The statistics then ran as follows for the Military Roll, 1870-81:

FRANKFORT-AM-MAIN MILITARY ROLL. GEBURTSJAHRGÄNGE, 1870–81.—THE FITNESS FOR MILITARY SERVICE OF THE "OUT-OF-MARRIAGE" CONTRASTED WITH "IN MARRIAGE."

—	Out-of-marriage Children brought up in the homes of Stepfathers. Per cent.	Brought up by Mothers alone or with relations or strangers. Per cent.	Brought up in Orphanages. Per cent.	Legitimate. Per cent.
First Class ...	52·4	32·6	41·3	50·2
Second Class ...	23·4	28·9	20	19
Third Class and altogether unfit	24·2	38·5	38·7	30·8

It will be observed from the above that the "out-of-marriage" children have a higher percentage in the first class, and a lower in the third class, provided they have had proper homes.

The membership of the Trade Societies showed the same proportions, but the weightiest evidence was in the proportions of skilled to unskilled workmen, of which the German cities keep records far more accurate than some of us can even credit. On page 37 of Professor Spann's book the figures are very striking—the percentages for skilled workmen are almost identical where it concerns legitimate children or such of the illegitimate *as have been brought up in the homes of stepfathers*—but there is a great leap backward when it relates to such as have been brought up in orphanages, or under the care of the mother alone or of foster parents. Practically the number of unskilled is doubled at once in the latter case. Yet if you remember the extraordinary care with which both orphanages and mothers are supervised in Germany you will see how striking these figures are—and you will wonder what would be discovered did we possess such accurate statistics as Germany!

Germany is, in fact, clamant now for the more effective execution of her excellent laws by the official institution of a professional—instead of a merely honorary—"Vormundschaft" or office of guardianship. It is a "Berufsvormund," or regularly paid official, who will alone carry out the laws to protect these children. The Vormund has in the past been at times difficult to get for such little ones, and has often considered himself as the sort of godfather who in the Anglican Communion makes all sorts of promises to look after a child, and has not the slightest intention of performing any of those promises! Hence the ruin of so many of the "out-of-marriage" children even in Germany. But we, indeed, here in our *laissez-faire* fashion neither demand the Vormund nor the Berufsvormund; we do not even know what such words mean. We are content to "muddle on"—in our good old John Bull-like way—heedless of the misery which we are sowing by our heedlessness; and, though ready with Puritanic righteousness to scorn the tramp, yet regarding with much satisfaction his development from the innocent, smiling child into the dirty, dissolute, roadster vagabond!

Syndicalism

By Odon Por and F. M. Atkinson

DURING the past few weeks we have heard and read a great deal about Syndicalism. A few months ago hardly anyone in the United Kingdom knew so much as the word; to those who knew the word, it represented something vague, extravagant, foreign, aloof, unlikely to touch us here. But now we are told by every newspaper that the country is dangerously in the grip of Syndicalism. It is difficult for the man of average plain intelligence to believe that the whole world of labour has adopted a new principle and a new method, and set it in tremendous operation suddenly, without preparation, without discovery, even unconsciously to themselves.

It is unreasonable, and it is certainly an erroneous idea. True, we have had a strike of an unprecedented character and magnitude. But a strike, even a general strike, even a universal strike, is not Syndicalism, though, as Demosthenes says, some should burst themselves in affirming it. We propose in the present article to say what Syndicalism is, what its aims are, and in what way it hopes to attain those aims, writing from the Syndicalist point of view, and stating their real fundamental ideas.

The word Syndicalism was originated in France, and was derived from *syndicat*, the French name for a trade union. Literally it means "Unionism," but became the term for the revolutionary economic movement which contended that social revolution must come through the direct action of the labour unions. Socialists and Syndicalists alike look forward to the abolition of the present capitalist system, but while Socialists seek to bring it about by political action, by parliamentary measures accumulating reforms, Syndicalists claim that it is an incredible hope that a Socialist party can ever obtain an effective majority in any parliament in any country. Socialism has done a great work as an educative and propa-

gandist force. During the past fifty years it has leavened the whole lump of social ideas; yet, in spite of the many changes in capitalistic society, the legal relations between the capitalist and the worker have not undergone any vital essential change, which shows that the social environment within which an economic organism operates may be reformed without affecting the economic organism. A revolutionary process must be an inner process, a series of changes in the balance of the several parts of the economic organism, and cannot be an outer process—a result of a series of legislative influences and friendly transactions between the various parliamentary parties that represent the various classes of the nation. Syndicalism has replaced the mechanical conception of capturing the powers of government through parliamentary action by the dynamic conception of a class struggle through which the workers are to free themselves by transferring the functions and the life of the State to their own unions.

Syndicalists point out that the belief of the working-classes in an all-powerful political party that will automatically realise for them their ideals has demoralised them in so far as they found it unnecessary to make individual efforts for progress, and so confined all their revolutionary activities to—voting. This fetishism prejudiced their economic action, through fear lest their political purposes should be endangered; and, on the other hand, where the Socialist political parties gained influence, they compromised their revolutionary aims for small advantages. In short, Socialist political action cannot realise the social revolution, while by claiming that it can, and so holding back the revolutionary energies of the workers, it limits their economic movement. Syndicalism transfers all problems of social evolution from the political to the economic field, and assigns to Socialist political action its sphere in obtaining the common advantages of democracy, constitutional and cultural reforms, conditions that may facilitate the organisation of the workers.

Having got so far, the Syndicalist theorists considered deeply the means by which they must carry out their plans for arriving at supremacy; what part violence can be called on to play in proletarian movements, general strikes as creative of proletarian energies, the organisation of Syndicalist society. All these theories and discussions were academic; they helped to clarify, to establish prin-

ciples, but could not further the Syndicalist movement in any real way. Syndicalism, *as a doctrine*, has now practically exhausted and solved its problems, and its fundamental conclusion is that the revolutionary energies of the working-class are to be worked out in their economic movement and through their own functions as workers.

Then Syndicalism made its great practical mistake, imagining that when it had worked out this principle and proved it theoretically to the working-classes, the working-classes, perceiving and accepting its truth, would at once become the ideal type of revolutionist as visualised by the Syndicalist, and be capable of realising the new social order. Essentially the same mistake as was made by the Socialist parliamentarians when they declared that if working-men would only send a Socialistic majority to parliament, Socialism could be realised at once.

The Syndicalist theorists themselves perceived their mistake, and most of them turned their attention to other problems. But the practical Syndicalists not only continued their original work—out of which had sprung all the theories—but found their ideas clarified and settled as the result of the working out of the theories. What they felt to be true has become, through knowledge, a solid, practical standpoint, and more than ever they are assured that Syndicalism is substantially a practical method: it lives and moves and has its essence in action. They look for nothing from the past, and intend resolutely to possess the future.

Syndicalism is not, then, an artificial movement created by a group of French and Italian theorists and agitators. As a theory it is the expression of working-class experiences in the political and economic fields; while, as a practical movement, it is the inevitable response of the working-classes to the development of the industrial structure of society. The best proof of this lies in the fact that in different countries groups of workers have worked out a line of action which has all the characteristic features of Syndicalism, though they adopt the name only when it is attached to their method by their opponents, or when they discover that their independent theories and practice correspond with the Italian and French theories.

In America labour organisations found that, against trusts, and against technical developments that reduce the significance of individual trades and skill in industries,

there is but one way to fight, namely, by merging the trade unions into industrial unions embracing all the workers in all the skilled or unskilled occupations within a particular industry. The same thing is taking place in England, in some of her colonies, and wherever modern industrial evolution is at work. Now the industrial union organised to make the working-class better fitted to secure advantages from powerful capitalist corporations becomes the soil in which a revolutionary ideology inevitably springs up and thrives. The attention of the worker in the mass turns to the problem of organisation, and inasmuch as the immediate aim of the organisation is to secure greater control over the processes of production in their particular industry, the mass of the workers—or, at any rate, in the beginning the more alert, more educated, and foreseeing minority—becomes interested in the technical problem of production.

Through this technical interest the workers become more efficient, and their social and class consciousness grows. They want to work more and more effectively—not, however, for the capitalist, or for the State, but for the collective body of the workers. And it is here that the Syndicalists find their creed—that the best and simplest way of creating a new social order is by the organisations preparing for taking over their industries and carrying them on for the benefit of the collectivity. Each individual having a trade, each individual being a producer, the speediest and most organic way is to organise him as such and give him a social aim. When the workers have attained the highest technical skill and efficiency, when they are able and ready actually to run their industries, ready with their perfected organisation and their skilled professional individuality, they will then take them over. Strikes, general strikes, and other forms of resistance are not the whole of Syndicalism; they are only means towards an end; and, above all, they teach the workers their power or their weakness, they are moulding their intellectual and moral energies, they make them perceive new issues and new human relations, new problems and their solutions.

This process goes on in different countries quite independently of any theory. The great Post Office strikes in France are in everybody's memory. They have been denounced as barbarous manifestations of irresponsible egotism paralysing the life of the nation wantonly and ruthlessly. But if we consider these strikes from the inside,

we find a new point of view—the point of view of the Syndicalised Post Office workers.

The employés were tired of being directed and dominated by a political department administered by politicians who had no comprehension of the work of the Post Office clerk, nor indeed of work in general. They proposed, then, to deal with technical questions themselves, and to eliminate the present political element in administration, which offended their practical sense and their intimate and profound sentiments of right. They struggled for the autonomy and freedom of labour.

"The guarantee that this autonomy of labour will operate for the community lies in the fact that a demand for it advanced by the Post Office employés sprang from a professional sense of their effective worth jealously fostered, from a clear conception of economic relations, from a realisation of the public interests and of the responsibilities connected with an industry of such national importance as the Post Office service."*

For some years past the General Association of Post Office Employés of France has turned its attention to professional problems connected with its own service and administration. It has denounced the State as incompetent to run the department, and has occupied itself with technical reforms, with the improvement of the service, and has tried to awaken the professional consciousness of the employés, to give them a high conception of their work, and a dignity—the dignity of the conscious producer.

Stimulated in this way, the employés have searched out faults in the complex mechanism of the service, have tried to neutralise mistakes due to the incompetent administration, to save money and labour—in a word, they have safeguarded the interests of the public. Many reforms have been originated by quite obscure clerks of humble rank, and through the professional group action of the employés many changes have been made to the public advantage.

"The effective value of the organisation suggests that without the officials now retained at high salaries the department could work better and cheaper, animated by a new life, enriched by the competency and devotion of the employés, whose work their Association succeeded in co-ordinating.†

* G. Beaubois, L'Organisation Syndicaliste du Service des Postes, in the *Mouvement Socialiste*, April, 1909.

† Monbrunaud : *La Grève des Postes et sa portée sociale.*

The strike of the Post Office employés, then, was only an incident in their genuinely Syndicalist training. It was more than an expression of their suffering under inefficient administration, it was the expression of their consciousness of ability to carry on the whole postal service through their own organisation more efficiently in their own and the public interest.

It is wholly wrong to say, as so many newspapers and magazines have lately declared, that Syndicalism is a crude method by which the workers try to capture an industry by reducing their own efficiency and output, by irritation strikes, by sabotage, &c., until the industry becomes unprofitable to the management and must come to terms. These means have always been applied by labour organisations for obtaining concessions; Syndicalists also apply them under certain conditions. They are merely incidents in the struggle for victory over the capitalist class. But they do not explain or represent the fundamental characteristics and ideal of the Syndicalist movement, the collective effort of the workers to raise the level of their competency in reference to their industries, and to use this increased competency for the benefit of the collectivity.

Syndicalists perceive the tremendous difficulty of social progress. They know it could make no substantial difference to have a new social order with the human material of the present order unchanged. Accordingly, they endeavour to combine the creation of the new society with the creation of the new man. They have a vision of a future in which social discipline will be evolved by the nature of the labour to be accomplished; of a future in which labour will be free and at the same time organised under an inner logical discipline voluntarily accepted. They firmly believe that the realisation of such a future depends entirely upon their personal qualities and efforts, and upon their moral value. And so they consciously seek out ways of increasing the technical capacities of the individual worker, knowing that through this he will desire a profound change in the organisation of the industries in particular and society in general. They are, therefore, intent on teaching the young workers all the details of their profession, in order to make them capable of taking the organisation of production into their own hands.

This has been very well expressed by G. Beaubois, a clerk in the French Post Office: "Syndicalists must take care of the technical, moral, and social perfection of the young workers; they must guide and advise them, and awaken in them the spirit of observation, the qualities of initiative and energy. They must efface the painful and repugnant features that accompany labour under the present organisation of production. The problem of progress lies in saving work from monotony and routine, from fatality and servitude. In other words, the problem of progress lies in freeing work and ennobling it. To initiate every worker into the progress of industry and the marvels of human activity, to show them the usefulness of their efforts and the grandeur of their work—this is to give them a passion, a soul, a conscience.

"The labour organisations should become paternal homes for the young workers, protecting them from all temptations and leading them into life. A revolution does not improvise itself, and it is necessary that in the industrial groups new ideas, new collective sentiments, should be born, and should develop and prepare the social change."

This process of preparing the creation of the new society by the creation of new men and new industrial organisms with new functions—functions essentially different from those existing—is the basic tendency of theoretical and practical Syndicalism.

And this tendency is such an organic product of certain conditions prepared by industrial progress and by a living social morality called forth in the working-class by the Socialist educative propaganda, that it imposes itself upon organisations that do not propose to call themselves Syndicalists, or that in reality have not even been touched by Syndicalist theories.

The greatest practical experiment in Syndicalism has been carried on now for some ten years by the Industrial Union of the Bottle Blowers of Italy, which had always been a so-called "safe" Socialist organisation, adhering firmly to the Socialist theory of realising a Socialist society by political action.

In Italy the bottle-making industry now lies between the factories of the Industrial Union and the Bottle Trust. The beginning was in a strike against one glass manufacturer who refused a series of demands from the Bottle Blowers' Union, to which all workers in the bottle industry,

whatever their trade, belong. After a year of struggle, the Union made a tremendous effort, raised a fund among its own members, many of them contributing all their money, selling all their belongings, even their beds, and with this fund they set up a factory, in which part of their comrades on strike found work. This factory was an immediate success, and a new furnace was planned to give work to yet more members of the Union on strike or out of employment. Without help from mechanics or masons, the men built the second furnace themselves in forty-seven days, a surprising feat considering that in normal circumstances it would have meant six months' uninterrupted work. All the strikers found work in their own factory, the manufacturer was beaten and was finally absorbed by the Trust, which granted all the demands of the Union for its members, comprising practically all the glass-blowers employed in Italy.

But now the co-operative factory became a competitor with the Trust, and the Trust, seeking to crush it before it should become too firmly established, quarrelled with the Union, which led to a series of strikes. Nearly every strike meant the starting of a new co-operative factory, so that the Trust found its commercial activities curtailed and its profits diminished. Then the Trust tried to beat them by underselling, and by persuading the banks to refuse them credit. This method failed, for the better wares and the technical superiority of the co-operative factories gained a decisive victory. Each factory produced a special bottle of such excellent quality that though its prices were higher than those of the Trust, it could dispose of its whole output in advance.

At the present moment the Union has about 3,500 members, of whom the Trust employs 1,000 and the co-operative factories 2,500. There are a very few bottle-blowers not in the union, mostly foreigners. Every member of the Union is a shareholder, even those working in the factories of the Trust.

Two factors have especially contributed to the success of the workers. One is the technical efficiency of the glass-blowers, their professional consciousness brought out in their effort to create collectively something new and positive. The other factor is their moral solidarity evolved by their Socialist training. Their Socialist education imbued the glass-workers with that high sense of solidarity which

calls for some productive work and is not satisfied with mere indulging in sentiments, while their professional and industrial organisation gave a definite form to their work and made them capable of realising their productive aim. In their struggle they forgot their immediate interests and worked with all their energy for the liberation of their whole class from capitalism. They were dominated by a social vision, by a greater sense of human fraternity. A wonderful discipline prevails in their factories, a discipline that guarantees a continuous process of production and fires each worker to work at his best. In all the factories of this Union there is not a single overseer, and the technical and business managers are all bottle-blowers.

The moral solidarity created by the struggle awakened the conscience of workers in all directions. For example, glass-blowers the world over are heavy drinkers, but these men gave up drinking. Their life being filled with an ideal, a social purpose, and a continuous concentration on various problems, they find pleasure in it, and have no need to drink for solace.

They renounced their legitimate dividends, accepting the same wages as their comrades working for capitalist concerns, and turned over all the net profits of their co-operative to mutual-aid funds; and, as we said before, they gave up, and are still giving up when necessary, their last farthing toward the establishment or strengthening of their movement.

They have no intention whatever of becoming capitalists. They want to free themselves from capitalism and to set an example to other workers. With the profits of their enterprise they help the Socialist and labour movements, they provide schools for their own children and for the children of other workers, and were actually among the first to adopt the now famous Montessori system of kindergarten education. They built workmen's houses, providing better homes, better nucleuses for the new social life.

Their factories are model factories in the industry; they are the best equipped in the world with labour-saving machinery, labour-protecting devices, hygienic arrangements, and they are prepared to introduce any new technical or financial method in their industry. Experts from all countries come to them to learn and profit by their experience. And by their example and by their closer union with the workers employed in all the other branches of the glass

industry, they are in a fair way to raise to their own level a group of about ten thousand workers.

In short, they have improved the conditions of their own life and work, making both healthier and less irksome, accomplishing their higher duty to themselves, since a revolutionary working class must elevate its material level in order to make itself fit for fulfilling its social mission.

This movement, then, represents the new fact of Syndicalism in operation. An industrial union of workers has found within itself all the necessary elements for resistance against organised capital and all the necessary factors for progressing towards the positive and thorough conquest of the means of production.

The Bottle Blowers' Industrial Union of Italy has discovered the material, technical, commercial, and moral capacities for getting hold, within a comparatively short period of time, of the biggest share of the Italian bottle industry, and sooner or later it will undoubtedly run the whole industry through its co-operatives.

The force which these workers have substituted for individual and associated capitalist initiative, namely, the collective effort and efficiency of their organised class, foreshadows to Syndicalists the future, for they declare that just this professional consciousness and moral training is the force which will lead to the future social order and on which it will depend, and, as it is in the present, so will it be in the future a source of unceasing economic progress and continuously growing moral improvement.

In agriculture, the basic industry of Italy, the same factors are at work on a much larger scale. Here some 200,000 acres have passed into the hands of the farm labourers organised into unions and co-operative societies. Through industrial organisations and Socialist education the agricultural labourers acquired the power, the technical capacity, and the moral energies to fight for, obtain, and run their industry. They do not, however, own their lands themselves, but lease them from the landowners.

The landowners were confronted, and are still confronted, by a situation from which there seems no other peaceful way out than the leasing of the fields to the co-operative societies of the labourers. The labourers, having through their unions obtained in many localities practically a monopoly of farm labour, struck for higher wages and shorter working hours. The landowners, on the one hand,

claimed that the profits from farming would not allow this increase in the cost of production; and the unions, on the other hand, insisted, and indeed proved with exact figures, that the granting of their demands would not necessarily impair the profits of the landowners. After many prolonged strikes and boycotts the contending parties finally came to the following settlement:

The unions of the labourers legally organised themselves into co-operative societies, and leased the farms from the landowners on the same terms that had been usually agreed between landowners and the tenant farmers. These co-operatives, now leasing a couple of hundred thousand acres, have not only satisfied the landowners by prompt payment of rent, but have so improved the land that the landlords, after the expiration of the first leases with the co-operatives, have usually been glad to renew them.

Space does not allow to go into the details of the working of this system. Its chief features are as follows: The landowners are protected from strikes; they are getting their former average income, and at the same time their farms are being technically improved—therefore, growing in value. The workers have a greater control over their own industry, and so their desires are satisfied. They are responsible for the management of the farms, but at the same time the results of their efforts to produce more efficiently are entirely their own.

They are also in a position to regulate employment, since they are not looking for dividends; they can and actually do eliminate the former brutal sacrificing of the unemployed, of the old and less fit workers, by organising work so as to give employment to all of the union, and in many cases even to the non-union workers. Thus, under this system, a high principle of solidarity is realised through the moral force of collective control necessarily obtaining in an organisation with so wide a scope, the workers become alive to the problems of industry and hence become more efficient, and they educate themselves to active solidarity by obliging themselves to work more intensively in the interest of their fellow-workers.

Many Italian municipalities and charitable institutions have leased their farms to the co-operative societies of labourers, preferring them to the tenant speculators. A great number of absentee landlords in Sicily have been for

generations robbed and their land ruined by the same tenant speculators, and hence have willingly turned over their land to the organised peasants.

The importance of this new and essentially Syndicalist departure in farming has been recognised by the Italian Government as a valuable asset in the economy of the nation. A Bill is before the Italian Parliament considering the leasing of the Italian State lands, amounting to several million acres, to these co-operative societies. The same Bill proposes the establishment of a co-operative bank that, by giving credit to the land labourers on favourable terms, will encourage their collective organisations.

There are several other important organisations in Italy that are developing on similar lines; for instance, reclamation work is carried out on a large scale for municipalities and the State by co-operative societies of labourers who have fitted themselves technically and morally to accomplish the most difficult work at less cost and in less time than the capitalist contractors, and are therefore given the preference by the State and the municipal authorities.

One of the greatest Syndicalist associations in the world is the Industrial Union of Italian Railwaymen, including practically all the employés of the State railways except the higher officials. Still far from being a perfect organisation, faced with many internal problems that must be solved before it realises its whole power, it is even now a strong and intelligent factor in the life of the country. We cannot in the present article attempt more than a very slight indication of its complex activity and the important part it plays in the Italy of to-day.

By its method of organising according to the technical nature of each man's occupation, while the problems of the whole service are kept before the mind of every member and his opinion and vote called for on each, the men are educated to a keen interest in everything that concerns the whole work of the railways. That they have arrived at a considerable degree of success is proved by the fact that conscious of their increased collective efficiency and power, they set before themselves the revolutionary aim—"*The Railways for the Railwaymen.*"

This is not simply a vague Syndicalist war-cry, but is inspired by the actual conditions of the railway system. The State in 1905 took over the railways at a great price, proposing to give better and cheaper service, but the

technical incompetence of the bureaucratic administration has demoralised the system and brought about a growing yearly deficit in the returns. Innumerable sinecures and well-paid offices were established; but the State neglected the technical side, and with increased financial burden came greater confusion in the working.

On the other hand, through their organisation the workers have been eagerly learning details of every kind of work necessary for the proper effective managing of the railways, and now they seek to get control over their administration, so as to manage the railways for the nation. They propose to do this as a co-operative society, which would be made up of the members of their union.

The administration would dispense with bureaucratic control. The highest positions would be occupied by men chosen for their knowledge, initiative, and capacity by the workers themselves, while at present they are held by men who have political influence or have automatically risen to them. Being free from political ties, the co-operative railways could suppress the thousands of clerical jobs, and increase the number of productive workers, securing a safer, prompter, cheaper service.

The workers would receive a certain minimum wage, and would share in the net profits as well. Necessary capital would be obtained from profits, from shares subscribed for by the men themselves, and from issues of preference shares. The State would retain in some simple form the right of supervising the administration without directly interfering with details. It would establish the tariffs and regulate the necessary service of trains, and would, if necessary, contribute part of the cost of alterations if imposed.

So severe is the breakdown of the State railway system in Italy, so clearly have the railwaymen shown their professional keenness and capacity, that even conservative economists of world-wide reputation and experts such as Vilfredo Pareto have declared that the one practical solution of the trouble is, since private ownership is a public nuisance, and State ownership a veritable disaster, to entrust the State railways to the co-operative enterprise of the organised railway-men.

The State itself made a step in this direction with the Railway Law of April 13th, 1911, which recognises the union of the railroad-men by giving to every trade within

its organisation a voice, through an elected representative, in the technical development of the railways, and in the discussion of all administrative problems connected with them. The Government thus proved its recognition of the fact that it cannot run the railway industry efficiently without the direct co-operation and advice of the employés, or without considering the lessons of their daily practical experiences.

The gist of Syndicalist theories and action lies in their dogma, "The social revolution is a practical problem." It is a practical problem, and a vast practical work, which changes men and institutions, succeeding in proportion as men and institutions change nationally and internationally. For though some organisations of workers may be more advanced than others, though some may even begin to put their powers in motion, the Syndicalists claim that the movement will realise itself completely only when it becomes international and universal.

Accordingly, they endeavour to make their work international. They have a practical programme: first, to secure national industrial unionism, the amalgamations of trade unions into industrial bodies capable of taking action at all points of an industry; secondly, to bring into closer relations the different industrial organisations of every country, and at the same time to bring about an international affiliation and co-operation.

Then there are the open fights, through which, whether they win or lose, the workers learn their powers and their shortcomings, and how to extend or counteract them.

Out of all this intense continuous activity comes the formulation of the Syndicalist theory of social progress: that the world of the future is for the workers, and that to prepare for this future world the workers must organise themselves into harmonious, compact, professionally conscious unions, individually increasing their technical knowledge and efficiency, collectively fitting themselves for the successful management of their industries. They maintain that the problems of social evolution reduce themselves to problems of organisation; that progress does not operate independently of man's will, but is created by virtue of his conscious desires and organised action. According to the Syndicalist, progress towards his ideal society will only be realised by the organised will of the working-class.

The Conservative Party and Home Rule

By Jeremiah MacVeagh, M.P.

I RESPOND with pleasure to the request of the Editor that I should set out with fuller detail, and publish in more accessible form, the line of argument which I followed in the House of Commons a few nights ago in the debate on the Home Rule Bill. I contended then that the Tory Party has always been coquetting with Home Rule, and that their adoption or rejection of the policy is, ever and always, a mere matter of political expediency; and that is the argument to which I propose to invite the attention of your readers. It is one of no small public importance, for it proves that Home Rule in one form or another is inevitable, and that all political parties in the State recognise the fact; and if the truth is borne in upon the electors of the United Kingdom, it is difficult to see how the Unionist section of them will be able to work themselves up into any enthusiasm in responding to the war-cry of their Parliamentary leaders.

BEFORE 1885.

Just at present the Conservative Home Ruler is supposed to be a *rara avis*; but that is merely because expediency does not demand at this juncture that they should be quite as plentiful as blackberries in September. Prior to the formation of the Irish Party on the lines of independent opposition, Conservative Home Rule candidates were to be found in profusion in Ireland. Many of them were sent there from London by the Conservative Whips, and they enjoyed the full support, moral and material, of the Conservative organisations and of the Carlton Club; and when they came to London, these "Separatists," advocates of "the dismemberment of the Empire," &c., &c., were received with open arms by the Tory Party, were honoured by receipt of the Tory Whips, voted in the Tory Lobby,

attended the occasional meetings of the Tory Party, supported Tory candidates in the British constituencies, and received (in even more substantial form) full proof that they were recognised as members of the true fold—in the Tory Party as well as of it. In a letter to *The Times* early in May of this year, Sir Henry Bellingham, His Majesty's Lord Lieutenant for the County of Louth, an Irish Conservative landlord who sat in Parliament till 1886, related his own political history, and his narrative bears out my statement in nearly every detail. Here are his *ipsissima verba*:—

"The present Leader of the Conservative Party (Mr. Bonar Law), and also, I regret to say, other Conservatives in high position, have recently endeavoured not only to identify the whole Party with the extreme Ulster section, but to let it be thought that as a Party they never had anything to do with Home Rule. Will you therefore allow me to remind your readers that *Home Rule was started by a Conservative, and that for many years Conservatives sat as Home Rulers?* In the year 1880, when I stood as an avowed Home Ruler for this county of Louth, I received the support both of the Carlton Club and of the Conservative Whip. Further, during the time I was in Parliament (1880-86), I was regularly summoned to the meetings of the Conservative Party; and I have letters in my possession from some of the Conservative leaders which are complete evidence of complicity with Home Rule."

Scores of these Conservative Home Rulers might be enumerated, not the least eminent of them being Lord Llandaff, who, as Mr. Henry Mathews, was afterwards Home Secretary under Lord Salisbury. In the Election Address of Mr. Mathews to the voters in Dungarvan in 1874, he said:—

"The question of Home Rule is one on which your opinions were hardly elicited in 1868. The country has now demanded *that an Irish Parliament shall legislate for Ireland* under conditions which were laid down at the recent Conference in Dublin. I consider that *a demand so made is one which your representative ought to support, and I have become a member of the Home Rule League formed to carry out the views of the Conference.*"

It is interesting to recall in this connection that the future Lord Llandaff did not disdain in that contest to accept the support of Mr. Patrick Ford, and that one of the first guests whom he entertained at the House of Commons was O'Donovan Rossa; whilst *The Times* described the prospective Tory Cabinet Minister as "a cross between a Fenian and a Tory."

Disraeli and Ireland.

Lord Beaconsfield's memory is still held in respect and admiration by the survivors of the Party which he led with

such consummate skill, and a speech delivered by him in 1844, which has often been quoted but cannot be quoted too often, left his followers in no doubt as to his views of the Irish problem. The situation has never been described, before or since, with more luminous brevity :—

"The Irish," he said, "in extreme distress inhabit an island where there is an Established Church which is not their Church, and a territorial aristocracy, the richest of whom live in foreign capitals. *Thus you have a starving population, an absentee aristocracy, and an alien Church; and, in addition, the weakest Executive in the world. That is the Irish Question.* Well, then, what would hon. gentlemen say if they were reading of a country in that position? They would say at once, 'The remedy is revolution.' But the Irish cannot have a revolution; and why? Because Ireland is connected with another and more powerful country. Then what is the consequence? The connection with England thus became the cause of the present state of Ireland. If the connection with England prevents a revolution, and a revolution is the only remedy, England logically is in the odious position of being the cause of all the misery in Ireland. *What, then, is the duty of an English Minister? To effect by his policy all those changes which a revolution would do by force. That is the Irish question in its integrity.* . . . But I will say, if these recommendations are adopted, that in fifty years hence the men who shall succeed the present generation in Parliament will find the people of Ireland a contented and thriving peasantry. I do not believe that this object will be carried by the personage whom the hon. member for Belfast calls Louis Philippe, meaning, I suppose, the King of the French. I look to no foreign, no illegitimate influences for bringing about that result—not to the passions of the Irish people, not to the machinations of their demagogues, not to the intrigues of distant nations, but to a power far more influential, far more benignant —a power more recently risen in the world, not yet sufficiently recognised —[*Mr. Ward:* 'What, Young England?'] No, not Young England, but a power which Young England respects—*that irresistible law of our modern civilisation which has decreed that the system which cannot bear discussion is doomed.*"

Twenty-five years later (March 16th, 1868) he was reminded in Parliament of that speech, and replied :—"In my conscience the sentiment of that speech was right. It may have been expressed with the heedless rhetoric which I suppose is the appanage of all who sit below the Gangway; but in my historical conscience the sentiment of that speech was right."

Still later, in the electoral campaign of 1874 (after a fashion not unfamiliar in later times) he was angling for the Irish vote by hinting that on the Home Rule question he had an open mind. When brought to book by Lord Robert Montagu in the first week of the meeting of the new Parliament, "Dizzy" cynically replied: "It is some time since the observations were made, and a great deal has happened in the interval." History, as we shall see later, repeated itself in 1885.

A few days ago I came across an article which appeared in the *North American Review* in December, 1888, from the

pen of the Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, who was American Minister in England when Lord Beaconsfield was Prime Minister, and I extract the following passages :—

"On the 22nd of December, 1877, I had a conversation with Lord Beaconsfield about the Irish Question. I thought it so important that I made copious notes of it in my diary, by referring to which I am able to produce it substantially. He said that the government of Ireland was likely to cause much trouble before long, and that the agitation of the question might be felt in America; that Ireland demanded a voice in the management of her local affairs and a redress of many grievances which would have to be considered. I asked him if he had any plan for the better government of Ireland. He said :—'No perfect plan, but a general idea that if he had to deal with the situation he should propose to place Ireland in a similar relation to the Imperial Government that New York holds towards the Federal Government—differing in many particulars, on account of the different conditions, but in the main similar.' He added, 'The fear that many express, lest in that case Ireland would become independent, I consider groundless—your war has settled that; even several great States combined could not maintain a confederacy independent of the Union.' I remarked that I had lately read his statement 'that imagination was quite as important in the government of nations as reason.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I dare say that many will embrace this view; people generally think that the office of the imagination is to make rhymes and write fancy tales. Great metaphysicians do not think so. Cromwell undertook to govern Ireland in the "blood and iron" way, but failed.' I replied, 'But he brought peace, did he not?' He said, 'Yes, the peace of death. The rule of Charles the First was better. The Irish are susceptible to kindness and full of sentiment—not logical, and inconsiderate of the means necessary to gain desired ends; but easily governed if dealt with in the right way."

Lord Salisbury on Irish Government.

Even the late Lord Salisbury had his lucid intervals on the Irish question. It would not be fair to accuse him of having ever displayed any extravagant regard for consistency as a political asset, and it was especially in his outlook on matters Irish that he indulged to the full his weakness for opportunism and cynicism. He denounced Land Purchase when Gladstone proposed it—and afterwards adopted it; he denounced Gladstone's Land Act as "spoliation and robbery"—and subsequently extended its operation; he apologised in his famous Newport speech for boycotting—and sent men to gaol for taking him at his word; he denounced Irish Local Government as "worse than Irish Home Rule"—and introduced and passed into law the Irish Local Government Act. His notorious flirtation with Home Rule in 1885 (of which more anon) was, however, quite consistent with the verdict which he pronounced in 1865 in the following words :—

"What is the reason that a people with so bountiful a soil, with such enormous resources (as the Irish), lag so far behind the English in the

race? Some say that it is to be found in the character of the Celtic race, but I look to France, and I see a Celtic race there going forward in the path of prosperity with most rapid strides—I believe at the present moment more rapidly than England herself. Some people say that it is to be found in the Roman Catholic religion; but I look to Belgium, and there I see a people second to none in Europe except the English for industry, singularly prosperous, considering the small space of country that they occupy, having improved to the utmost the natural resources of that country, but distinguished among all the peoples of Europe for the earnestness and intensity of their Roman Catholic belief. Therefore, I cannot say, that the cause of the Irish distress is to be found in the Roman Catholic religion. An hon. friend near me says that it arises from the Irish people listening to demagogues. I have as much dislike to demagogues as he has, but when I look to the Northern States of America I see there people who listen to demagogues, but who undoubtedly have not been wanting in material prosperity. It cannot be demagogues, Romanism, or the Celtic race. What, then, is it? *I am afraid that the one thing which has been peculiar to Ireland has been the Government of England.*"

The Story of 1885.

The Liberal Party was in power from 1880 until, in 1885, by an alliance between the Tories and the Irish Party, they were defeated and driven from office. There was no horror on the Tory Benches about the "sordid infamy," or about the "humiliation" of being under the heel of the Nationalists, or about subsisting on Irish votes. They took the Irish vote in Parliament to turn out the Liberals and put in themselves, and they even "humiliated" and "degraded" themselves by entering into what Lord Hartington (afterwards the Duke of Devonshire) described at Belfast (November 5th, 1885) as "an offensive and defensive alliance" between them and the Nationalists. The Liberal Government's policy in Ireland was fiercely assailed, Coercion in every shape and form was vehemently denounced, and no effort was left unmade to consummate the new union. "*The Conservatives accepted Mr. Parnell's help on Mr. Parnell's terms*," said Lord Hartington at Matlock (December 5th, 1885); "the Conservative Government's Irish policy *has inflicted a blow upon public morality*," said the same noble Lord at Bury (October 8th, 1885); "the *tacit compact by which they purchased office*," was Mr. Chamberlain's description of the "deal" (Warrington, September 8th, 1885).

But Mr. Chamberlain did not at that date know everything. There was something more than a "tacit compact"; there was both a conspiracy and an explicit agreement; and although the facts were suspected in political circles, it was not till June 7th, 1886, that the public became aware of

them. It then transpired from a speech made by Mr. Parnell in the House of Commons that Lord Carnarvon, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1885 under Lord Salisbury's Premiership, had sought a secret interview with Mr. Parnell. The intermediary was the late Sir Howard Vincent, M.P., and Sir Howard first approached the late Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., who was then Vice-Chairman, and afterwards Chairman, of the Irish Party. Mr. McCarthy agreed to meet Lord Carnarvon, and it was not until a year later, when the Tories were indignantly denying the transaction, that Mr. McCarthy revealed the truth. "The result of our conversation was," wrote Mr. McCarthy, "that I promised to ask Mr. Parnell to meet Lord Carnarvon. . . . Lord Carnarvon explained to me that he was unable to go in for Repeal of the Union, and I endeavoured to show that without actual Repeal of the Union, a thoroughly satisfactory and important Irish Parliament could be established. Lord Carnarvon then said for himself (and on this point I remember distinctly that he spoke only for himself) *he was prepared to go as far in the way of Home Rule as Mr. Parnell and I desired to go.*"

We now come to the famous Carnarvon-Parnell interview, the story of which is best told in Parnell's own words (letter to *The Times*, June 12th, 1886):—

"Lord Carnarvon originally proposed that I should meet him at the house of a gentleman, now a prominent Conservative member of Parliament, *who subsequently undertook a mission to Ireland, and obtained letters of introduction to several leading members of the Irish Parliamentary party, with whom he discussed in detail the species of Irish Parliament that would be acceptable to Ireland.* I declined, however, to meet Lord Carnarvon at the house of a stranger, and suggested that if the interview was to take place at all it had best be at his own residence. . . . Lord Carnarvon then proceeded to say that he had sought this interview for the purpose of ascertaining my views regarding—should he call it?—'a Constitution for Ireland'; but I soon found that he had brought me there in order that he might communicate his own views upon this matter as well as ascertain mine. I readily opened my mind to him on this subject, and in reply to an enquiry as to a proposal which had been made to build up a central legislative body upon the foundation of county boards, I told him that I thought this would be working in the wrong direction, and would not be accepted by Ireland: that the central legislative body should be a 'Parliament' in name and in fact; and that to it should be left the construction of whatever system of local government for the counties might be found necessary. *Lord Carnarvon assured me that was his own view also;* and that he strongly appreciated the importance of giving due weight to the sentiment of the Irish in this matter. He then enquired whether in my judgment some plan for constituting a Parliament in Dublin might not be devised and prove acceptable to Ireland, and he made certain suggestions to this end, taking the colonial model as a basis, which struck me as being the result of much thought and knowledge of the subject. Then came the reference to protection. We were discussing the general outline of a plan for constituting a legislature

for Ireland on the colonial model, when I took occasion to remark that protection for certain Irish industries against English and foreign competition would be absolutely necessary; upon which Lord Carnarvon said, 'I entirely agree with you, but what a row there will be about it in England.' At the conclusion of the conversation, which lasted for more than an hour, and to which Lord Carnarvon was very much the larger contributor, I left him, believing that I was in complete accord with him regarding the main outlines of a settlement conferring a legislature upon Ireland. In conversing with him I dealt with the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, who was responsible for the government of the country. I did not suppose that he would fail to impress the views which he had disclosed to me upon the Cabinet, and I have reason to believe that he did so impress them, and that they were strongly shared in by more than one important member of that body and strongly opposed by none. From information conveyed to me by those who were in communication with Lord Carnarvon after he went to Ireland, I have also good ground for supposing that he continued in the same opinions as those which he expressed to me, and that he resigned his office because on the failure to give the Conservative party a majority at the polls, an opposition, overwhelming in its character, first appeared in the Cabinet to his view. I spoke at Wicklow under the impression produced by my interview with Lord Carnarvon. *I acted subsequently, and during the general election, from the same motive, largely strengthened as it was by subsequent information from other sources.* I leave it to the public to judge whether I was warranted in these impressions and belief, and will only further say that history will not record a more disgraceful and unscrupulous volte-face than that presented by the Tory party last January when they found that our vote was not numerous enough to keep them in office. I feel bound, however, to add that I entirely acquit Lord Carnarvon of the responsibility for the tactics of his party."

Lord Carnarvon never denied the interview. He pleaded in defence, in the House of Lords on June 10th, 1885, that it was merely personal, that it took place without the cognisance of the Cabinet, and that it bound nobody; but as the Duke of Argyll pertinently retorted on the same occasion, the explanation was not complete, for Lord Carnarvon had "omitted to explain to the House—and I am not sure that he did not intend to do so—what the nature of that interview actually was." Lord Carnarvon's honour and integrity were never impeached; indeed, to his credit be it recorded, he retired from the Lord Lieutenancy and from public life rather than be a party to the treachery which followed.

But was the interview merely "personal"? The suggestion is puerile, and even that flimsy pretext is blown to the winds by what happened at the General Election. Speaking at Carlisle on June 17th, 1886, Mr. Gladstone said (*The Times* report):—

"I wish to put these two questions to Lord Carnarvon—What did you say to Mr. Parnell, and to whom did you make known your conversation with Mr. Parnell? (Cheers.) I know perfectly well that Lord Carnarvon must, if he knew his duty as a Cabinet Minister, have made known that conversation to Lord Salisbury. I tell you this. It is forty years since I entered the Cabinet. I have sat in seven

Cabinets, and I know something by this time of the relations between members of Cabinets, and I say it would have been treachery on the part of Lord Carnarvon (I should be the last to accuse him of it), if he held such a conversation as that with a person in the position of Mr. Parnell, and had not made it known to Lord Salisbury. (Loud cheers.) I say, therefore, publicly, that until it is denied by him I should be perfectly sure that he did his duty by making known to Lord Salisbury the conversation. (Loud cheers.) You will perceive, gentlemen, that these are facts of the utmost importance as bearing on the state of the relations between the Tory Government and the Nationalists. Do not suppose that I am blaming them; I wish only to Heaven that they had had courage enough to go forward in the crisis. (Cheers.) What I blame is their not having had the courage to go forward with it; but, of course, if they talk to us about separatists and disunionists and such things as those, it is quite necessary that we should know what were their ideas upon these subjects when they were in office before the last election, and what communications they actually had with Mr. Parnell. (Cheers.) I hope this statement will go forth to the world. It is due to the English nation that they should be exactly informed upon this subject. They have a right to know, and it shall not be my fault if they do not come to know accurately and completely the whole of the transaction. (Loud cheers.)"

Gladstone's questions are still unanswered.

As has already been explained, the 1885 General Election had come and gone before the electors knew anything about the circumstances of the alliance. This, however, they did know—that the whole Tory Party, from Lord Salisbury down, were making the most conciliatory speeches about Ireland, that Mr. Parnell had called on the Irish electors to vote Tory, that the relations between the Tory organisations and the Irish organisation were most intimate, that the branches of the National League in England and Scotland were Committee Rooms for Tory candidates, and that the Tories were reciprocating by paying the expenses of the Irish organisation! And just as the Ulster Tories shrieked their protests against being "betrayed" by Mr. Wyndham in 1906, so they shrieked in 1885; and Mr. William Moore's denunciation of "the rotten, sickening policy of Conciliation" in the former year was anticipated by the vehement condemnation from Sir Charles Lewis, M.P., in 1885 of the "Irish policy of sham and shame" on which his English brethren had entered.

Perhaps, too, some erudite Conservative will explain how it happened that in 1885, just before Lord Salisbury accepted office, a circular was sent out from the Conservative Central Office, St. Stephen's Chambers, Westminster, to the various Conservative Associations, asking for information respecting the approximate number of Irish voters in the constituency, and an opinion as to whether Conservative and Radical parties were so evenly divided that the Irish vote would give a majority to the one side or

the other. The circular was signed by Richard W. Middleton, who was the chief organiser of the Conservative Party. (*The Times*, June 19th, 1885.)

Devolution—and After.

The inconstant flirtation with Home Rule by the Tories underwent a new phase when Mr. Wyndham was chosen to succeed Mr. Gerald Balfour as Chief Secretary for Ireland. The blood of Irish rebels flows in his veins, and as he brought to the duties of his office a sincere sympathy (as well as remarkable energy, constructive capacity, and statesmanship) much was expected from him—and much was forthcoming. A man of his scholarly attainments and statesmanlike outlook could not come face to face with Irish administration without feeling the urgent necessity for reform. One of his first steps was to "borrow" (on the suggestion, it is said, of the Marquess of Lansdowne) Sir Antony MacDonnell (now Lord MacDonnell) from the India Office. Although he was an avowed Home Ruler, he was—with the explicit concurrence of Mr. Balfour, be it noted—appointed, "not as a subordinate, but as a colleague," to Mr. Wyndham, and with something very like a free hand in administration. The duties assigned to him were the settlement of the Land Question and of the University Question, and then to arrange for the "co-ordination" of Irish Government. It is admitted that Mr. Balfour was privy to all these transactions, and approved of them in "cypher telegrams," which, although Government documents, were afterwards most unfortunately, most mysteriously, and most conveniently mislaid. The Irish Reform Association (of which the Earl of Dunraven, a member of the last Conservative Government, is President) issued in August, 1904, its memorable Devolution Scheme, and the identification of Mr. Balfour, the Marquess of Lansdowne, and Mr. Wyndham therewith was outlined by Mr. John Herlihy in the *Westminster Gazette* of January 30th, 1912. It will repay study if we glance as briefly as may be at this chapter of Tory Home Rule.

The report of the Irish Reform Association laid down that "while firmly maintaining that the Parliamentary Union between Great Britain and Ireland is essential to the political stability of the Empire, and to the prosperity of the two islands, we believe that such union is compatible with

the devolution to Ireland of a larger measure of local government than she now possesses." The scheme proposed that "control over purely Irish expenditure" to the extent of six millions sterling per annum should be "taken from the Treasury, which is now only interested in effecting economies for the Imperial account, and entrusted under Parliament to an Irish Financial Council interested in making savings for Irish purposes." It was also recognised that in view of "the great and increasing difficulty which Parliament finds in dealing with the unwieldy mass of business that comes before it," "the special needs of Ireland do not and cannot receive adequate attention," and "some delegation of authority is necessary." It was held that "much of the business relating to Irish affairs which Parliament is at present unable to cope with might with perfect safety and with advantage both to Ireland and to Parliament be delegated to an Irish body to be constituted for the purpose." It was suggested that a Statutory body should be set up in Ireland, consisting of the Irish representative peers, the members representing Irish constituencies in the House of Commons, and twenty-four members of the Financial Council, that it should have "authority to promote Bills for purely Irish purposes," and that "Parliament should take power to refer to the Statutory body not only business connected with Irish Private Bill legislation, but also such other matters as in its wisdom it may deem suitable for reference, under prescribed conditions."

In the debate in the House of Lords on February 17th, 1905, a good deal of light was thrown on the inception of the Devolution scheme. Lord Dunraven stated that he had "had many long conversations with Mr. Wyndham and with Sir Antony MacDonnell on all kinds of subjects and topics connected with Ireland," and that the impression he had derived from the interchange of views was that "*Mr. Wyndham saw no particular objection to a general scheme of administrative reform proposed by perfectly independent and private individuals being put forward for public criticism and discussion.*" After the first report of the Irish Reform Association had been published, laying down the principles of their proposals, Lord Dunraven "asked Sir Antony MacDonnell to assist me in drafting out the heads of a more elaborate scheme on the lines of that first report. Sir Antony MacDonnell very kindly consented to do so, and spent two days with me *on his way to stay with Lord*

Lansdowne. We went thoroughly into the matter, and drafted out a rough report." Sir Antony MacDonnell got a number of type-written copies of the scheme made by his staff in Dublin Castle for distribution among the members of the Irish Reform Association, and there cannot be much doubt that he confided to Lord Lansdowne the momentous subject which he had just been discussing with Lord Dunraven. What is certain is that Lord Lansdowne in the House of Lords "admitted that Sir Antony MacDonnell had been in the habit of conferring with Lord Dunraven on many occasions *with the full knowledge and approval of the Chief Secretary*," that he had collaborated with him "in working out proposals for an improved scheme of local government for Ireland," and that it was understood between Mr. Wyndham and Sir Antony when the latter consented to accept the Under-Secretaryship that one of the subjects which he would be at liberty to tackle was "the co-ordination of the many detached and semi-detached Boards—the old-fashioned and complicated organisation—into which the Government of Ireland is at present subdivided." Lord Dudley, who was then Lord-Lieutenant, was still more emphatic and outspoken. He requested Lord Lansdowne to anticipate any criticism of his action by making it clear that "he did discuss the reforms suggested in Lord Dunraven's scheme freely on several occasions with the Under-Secretary, and did not at all think that Sir Antony MacDonnell was exceeding his functions." When attacked by Sir E. Carson in March, 1906, for his connection with the Dunraven scheme, Lord Dudley retorted that he "should be *very glad to make public the correspondence that passed between the late Prime Minister and myself at the time of the Devolution incident; but as I cannot do this without Mr. Balfour's permission, I content myself with stating that, though I fully explained to the late Prime Minister the nature of my connection with what you describe as Sir A. MacDonnell's Home Rule scheme, he never conveyed to me any intimation that he or the Government disapproved, strongly or otherwise, of my conduct. . . . I do not consider that my knowledge of the Devolution proposals, still less my conviction that Ireland should be governed according to Irish ideas, is inconsistent with the position which I occupied.*"

The Times called on Mr. Wyndham for an "explicit assurance that there is no ground for the assumption that

the Irish Executive is in sympathy with the policy"; it stated that "alarm is inspired by a suspicion, which the silence of the Chief Secretary has intensified, that this movement may be a pilot balloon to lead the way for a policy with which Sir Antony MacDonnell is identified, and which is even said to have to some extent the sympathy of the Viceroy, Lord Dudley"; it asseverated that "what the Dunraven Devolution policy amounts to is nothing more nor less than *the revival, in a slightly weakened and thinly disguised form, of Mr. Gladstone's fatal enterprise of* 1886." The cat was out of the bag; the Ulster Tories, with Sir Edward Carson at their head, were let loose, and nothing short of Mr. Wyndham's political head would satisfy them. As Mr. Healy once said of Mr. T. W. Russell, he "had got in front of the band," and he met the fate of all reformers born before their time. He was decapitated; but with a chivalry not unworthy of him, he has never spoken a word that would implicate Mr. Balfour or Lord Lansdowne. He was more loyal to them than they were to him.

The Imperial Home Rule Association.

Political memory is notoriously short; and although I had followed pretty closely the various developments of the Tory policy for Ireland, one of the most significant incidents in their movement had escaped my recollection until a few days ago, when I was reminded by Mr. Ponsonby, M.P., that in their enthusiasm they had even gone so far as to form an organisation under the title of the Imperial Home Rule Association. Here was a definite organisation with a definite scheme, and its journalistic exponent was the *Morning Post*. Considerations of space forbid me from giving extracts from the correspondence, special articles and leading articles which that movement evoked; but the inquisitive may be referred to the following, amongst other, issues of that reliable organ of Unionism and Tariff Reform:—August 8th, 1908; January 22nd, 1909; September 16th, 1909; and October 18th, 19th, 20th, and 22nd, 1910.

The Veto Conference, 1910.

Tory Home Rule disappeared for four years. But it was not dead: it was only sleeping; and it arose refreshed

and reinvigorated so recently as November, 1910. With a unanimity as bewildering as it was sudden, the Tory newspapers began one morning, whilst the Veto Conference was sitting, to advocate—Home Rule for Ireland; and in a brochure which I issued at the end of last year, "Home Rule in a Nutshell," I devoted eight pages to extracts from these pronouncements. Old fogeys in the Tory Party were rubbing their eyes and pinching themselves to make sure that they were not suffering from delusions, and that such fantastic tricks as would make the angels weep were not being played upon them. The secret history of the Veto Conference has yet to be written, but not until it sees the light—and perhaps not even then—will it be known who was the leader who passed the word to the Tory newspapers to prepare their readers for a *volte face*, and who it was who issued the "stop order" a week later. Was there a scheme to buy off Irish hostility to the House of Lords by a "deal" on the Home Rule question, and was it abandoned only when it failed? Time will tell; but meanwhile let us not lose sight of the moral as pointed out by the *Evening Standard* of October 18th, 1911:—

> "Home Rule pure and simple may be undesirable, *but call it Federalism, Devolution, Self-government, and isn't there a great deal to be said for it in that form?* And there is that awkward fact that a good deal *was* said for it only a year ago by various influential exponents of Unionist opinion, who, so far from being Die-hards then, were *quite inclined for a square deal with Mr. Redmond.*"

The course of Tory flirtation with Home Rule demonstrates the hollow cant of the present opposition to the Government Bill; and nothing is more certain than that, if by any untoward event that Bill were defeated, the Tory Party would hail that epoch as "the favourable hour" at which they might once again "raise the voice of reason." They would not call theirs a Home Rule scheme; oh, no! As the *Evening Standard* tells us, it would be dubbed "Federalism, Devolution, or Self-Government." And to such a pass has a great political party been reduced in its anxiety to put party before patriotism and to cloak its tergiversation and inconsistency! "What a tangled web we weave when once we practice to deceive"!

Revelations of Industrial Life

By H. W. Hobart

To say that the general description of the British workman one reads in the Press is distorted or exaggerated is, in my opinion, a generous way of exonerating the average writer from the charge of gross inaccuracy. I know of no author or journalist who has yet accurately portrayed the inner domestic life or the everyday experiences of the British working man. Whether the ability to describe the working man truly pertains to literary acumen or to the science of Psychology, Physiology, or Philosophy I know not; but I do know that as a theme for an essay it is of entrancing interest, deep study, and circuitous and almost labyrinthian involution. It is not because of these seemingly monumental difficulties that so many fail in the work of description, but because of the extreme difference of environment. The surroundings of the average middle-class writer are not at all conducive to a full comprehension of the secret troubles of industrial competition. A naturalist will devote half a lifetime to studying the habits and food and life of a microscopic insect. A geologist will delve and scrape and chip and weigh tons of strata to resolve a problem of crustacea. A historian will revel in mountains of books and dry-as-dust records to discover the genealogical origin of an ancient royal family. But when an account of the most wonderful of all human beings is called for a half-hour's visit to a so-called typical family and an investigation of the brilliancy of the kitchen fire-irons is considered sufficient to dub the author "one who knows."

It is quite true that there is a general condition of existence for all human beings—food, clothing, shelter, rest, recreation, and so forth—but the difference in details between that of the working man and of his middle-class biographer is as marked as that of a caged bird and a free bird of the woods. The average middle-class man lives to eat. The working man eats to live. The former has

his clothes made to fit his limbs; the latter makes his limbs fit the clothes. The former has his house built and furnished to suit his taste and his comfort; the latter subordinates his taste and his comfort to the limits of his purse and his home. In every phase of life this general differentiation is conspicuous, and no writer, so far as I know, has yet fully elaborated the hidden details of the working man's life. I propose to do this. Not as a scribe revelling in a vocabulary of floral phraseology, nor as a biographer versed in romantic incidents of historical data, but as "a plain blunt man, that love my friend."

Born fifty-eight years ago, in the Walworth Road, I started as a breadwinner at nine years of age, and am still struggling for a bare subsistence in the ranks of the great industrial army. To me, as to thousands of others, the tragedy of industrial warfare has been a constant source of anxiety and worry, and the unconsidered trifles, which most writers would dismiss as *n'importe*, have impressed and oppressed me seriously.

To begin with the birth of the child. Every child of working-class parents is

Born to trouble as the sparks fly upward.

The amount of trouble to which the workers' children are born varies considerably. If the parents are in comfortable circumstances, the likelihood of the child being well cared for are tolerably good. If the parents are poorly off, then the child has less chance of being properly reared. There are approximately three fundamental conditions necessary to ensure strong, healthy, intelligent children:—(1) Wholesome food; (2) intelligent care; (3) genial and healthy surroundings. In connection with No. 1, the fulfilment of that condition in the vast majority of cases borders on the impossible, because the amount of wages paid to the breadwinner is seldom sufficient to procure wholesome food, even if the worker had the necessary knowledge of the essential constituent qualities of food—proteids, carbohydrates, fat—to know which to buy. And though he may know what is required, and purchase his foodstuffs accordingly, it by no means follows that he will get wholesome food even then. The amount of adulteration practised by manufacturers of foodstuffs is alarming, notwithstanding the efforts of our legislators and administrators to check the evil; and the worker is, of course, the victim.

As to No. 2—intelligent care—this also depends greatly upon the social status of the parents. If the parents of the parents had been in a position to give their children a good training and comfortable home, then the babies we are referring to would probably fare better. Heredity plays an important part in these matters, and the hereditary taint of child-slavery in the "forties" has not by any means been entirely eradicated, so there is a further difficulty from this source.

No. 3—genial and healthy surroundings. In London this factor is almost impossible of acquirement. For is it not true that for a radius of two miles beyond London habitations the air remains impregnated with more or less poisonous gases? And certainly the social environment in many working-class neighbourhoods is far from being conducive to intellectual health. The genial character of the surroundings is not less doubtful than the healthy. Rows upon rows of flat, lifeless bricks and mortar, an entire absence of anything approaching art or nature, the mixed stench of numerous factories and workshops, the distracting noise of incessant traffic, and the look of anguish and anxiety on everybody's face, are aspects not calculated to impress the young and inquiring mind with any pleasant anticipations of future joy.

These, however, are the average conditions under which the town-bred child (and I am not speaking now of the poorest class by any means) is reared into manhood. Amongst the poorest class of worker, in which, strange to say, the production of offspring is most prolific, the conditions of birth alone are hard enough to mar any child's future. The mother has to work—either at home or out, or both—till within an hour or so of her delivery. Then either the parish doctor or a midwife is called in to prevent, if possible, the death of either the mother or the child, but is apparently unable to do anything more than sit by and advise the poor woman to be patient and brave, and so forth, and to administer some drug, or a prescription for a drug, and, at the last moment, perhaps, to render physical assistance. The rooms in which these "incidents" occur are as varied as the rates of wages in the different branches of industry, for the worker is taught to cut his coat according to his cloth. Sometimes the woman has to go to the lying-in hospital, sometimes she is confined in the same room in which she and her husband and family sleep and

eat and play; and during her actual hour of trouble the rest of the family are turned out to shift for themselves as best they can.

But it is not of this unfortunate class I want to speak. Their sorrows and woes are pretty well known. I want to reveal the state of mind and body of that class of workers whose wages are too high to attract the attention of philanthropists and charity donors; who are themselves too proud to show the distress they endure; and who, as a result, have to bear, in quiet patience, unknown hardships and sufferings. In these families the baby never comes at the right time. It is always either when the husband is out of work, or the quarter's rent is due, or the taxes have to be paid, or the other children want new clothes or boots, or some unexpected burden has been sprung suddenly upon them. The margin between distress and comfort is so fine that a natural function may be turned into an unnatural disaster by reason of the period at which it takes place. The maternity clause in the National Insurance Act may help to alleviate, in a very slight measure, the anxiety felt in these cases. It will not remove the trouble altogether. At these times—and, as far as possible, all arrangements are made beforehand—the capacity of the family income is strained to the uttermost. Out of the pound or thirty shillings which is received from the coffers of a benefit society the doctor's charges have to be met, the fortnight's pay to the monthly nurse has to be made, and the extra cost of living, in the shape of little delicacies for the woman, have to be borne. Imagine what that means, when every penny of wages is swallowed up every week to keep the family on the better side of the poverty line. It is not that this class object to the struggle, but that, struggle as they may, they never seem able to escape from the necessity of a continuous and incessant struggle.

No sooner does the mother leave her bed and start on her household duties than one of her other children falls ill—possibly because the nurse, in order that the child should not cry and distress its mother during her illness, allowed the little one to do certain things it ought not to have done. The father returns from work, and his wife meets him at the door with uplifted finger entreating silence. "What's the matter?" is his suppressed query. "Why, Florrie doesn't seem very well. She is sleeping now, so don't wake her." This man, strong, powerful, and

courageous, who would have battled against fire and water, would have faced a raging wild beast, or have wrestled against any odds to have saved one of his family from pain, is, like Samson of old, shorn of his locks of courage and strength by the insidious poison of conscious financial inability to meet any greater burden. He creeps softly to the side of the bed and looks at his child. Her face is hot and scarlet; she is burning with fever. "Have you sent for the doctor?" he inquires, knowing all the while what the answer will be. "No, dear," his wife replies; "we owe him——" But there is no need to finish the sentence. A cry of agony is kept back with a choking effort, and he turns away from the bed, sick and sad and ready to do anything. Some men fly to drink, others lose their temper and say things to the wife, while others sit and brood and finally abandon all effort. A few are indifferent and callous, and allow things to take their course; and a very, very few fight on and win.

But let me return to the children. They live and grow into boyhood and girlhood. They are thin, pallid, and more or less anæmic. They fuss with their food, and never seem to have a healthy appetite. Colds are in constant attendance upon them. Their livers are so weak that the sight of a piece of fat meat produces all the symptoms of a bilious attack. Headache and drowsiness are as common as the day. They have no desire to learn, and a genuine physical effort is entirely beyond their capacity. With constant illnesses and ailments, with oceans of drugs, emulsions, poultices, and quack remedies, they manage to reach their teens. All the while father and mother have little else than worry.

A new form of anxiety now presents itself to the heads of this industrial household. "What shall we do with our boys?" "What shall we do with our girls?" Every morning, every night, every dinner-time (that is, if the father goes home to dinner) this vexatious question is raised, discussed, and adjourned; and, suggest what they will, nothing seems to be suitable to the physical or mental capabilities of either the boy or the girl. Ultimately the boy becomes a clerk, because Mr. Amos at the chapel has a vacancy for one in his office. He starts at five shillings a week, and works about sixty hours for it! He is not really worth the money, but Mr. Amos is a very nice man, and so kind. Later on the girl is engaged for a twelvemonth to learn the

typewriter, and she has to serve six months for nothing. The net result of all this is that the amount from father's weekly wage, usually devoted to food and clothing, has to be reduced to meet the extra cost of keeping these two children at work. Cheaper and better to send them into the woods and fields to develop their physique and establish their health, but—they must begin to do something to earn their living. Oh, the wickedness of it! Oh, the irony of it! Do you wonder at the cry of physical degeneration?

Meanwhile the trials and anxieties of the parents are growing more and more. What appear to be mere two-penny-halfpenny incidents to the ordinary person not engaged in industrial strife of any kind are, to these anxious parents, a source of uneasiness, depression, and hopelessness.

This does not exhaust the list of family troubles by any manner of means, although, perhaps, it is one of the most trying. When children come into the world it is only natural that parents should desire to see them grow up healthy and strong, and when that consummation, however devoutly wished, is not realised, it quite as naturally follows that the parents will be distressed. But it is the petty, irritating, aggressive pinpricks that keep the domestic social sore in a state of inflammation and irritation, and these pinpricks are for ever cropping up in all directions, under all sorts of circumstances, and at most inopportune moments.

Who is there, even amongst the advanced "democratic" writers of to-day, who fully appreciates the extent of suffering and even agony inflicted on many working-class homes by the late arrival at its destination of a workman's train? It would be a lesson in dynamics for realistic authors to be present at any of our great railway termini when the workman's train arrives ten minutes late in the morning. Long before the train comes to a standstill at the platform hundreds of men, women, boys, and girls are bundling out of the train and pelting along the platform as if to escape some dire disaster. Out into the street—at certain times of the year dark, sloppy, and miserable—hither and thither in all directions they continue their scramble in the vain hope of being able to overtake the time lost by the delay of the train. Hot, tired, exhausted, and fatigued, they arrive at their workshop one minute

after the gate is closed, there to wait and worry for a quarter of an hour, an hour, or a quarter of a day. And what does this mean? The loss of a few paltry pence? Ah, no! It means, perchance, a long spell of unemployment, for some employers are so precise, and attach so much importance to punctuality that they will discharge a man immediately for being late in the morning. Or it may mean another week of shoeless feet for one of the children, or the lack of some necessary comfort for a delicate wife, or the difference between a Sunday's dinner and a "makeshift," or a further accumulation of arrears of rent, and this in its turn may mean the hastening of the day of the broker's man's visit and of eviction from the place called "home." Those who talk glibly of the thousands of pounds lost in wages through a lock-out or strike do not know that thousands of pounds of wages are lost every year by the workers through late trains, tramcar delays, cheap alarum clocks that will not "alarum," sleepless nights through toothache, baby's restlessness, wife's illness, and scores of other causes, and none of them due to any fault of the workers themselves, and with no balancing satisfaction of a righteous endeavour to improve bad conditions, such as is looked for in a strike. The struggles of industrial life are fraught with tragedy!

It is a very simple matter to spend a few days, or even a few weeks, in the slums of the East End of London and then to sit down and write a number of pathetic articles on the miseries of the poor, to chronicle their daily habits, to eulogise their frugality and cleanliness, or, according to the whim of the writer, to denounce and upbraid them for the lack of virtue and the superfluity of vices. This is all very easy and very clever; but it does not occur to these virtuous judges of proletarian vices that what appears a vice in the poor is almost a virtue among their class. To spend a couple of sovereigns on drink with men of erudition would be considered quite right and proper; but if a poor woman spends twopence on gin with her next-door neighbour whose husband has just died, she commits the unpardonable sin, and no words are too strong to be used in the denunciation of the habit. This, I say, is all very easy and very clever, but it butters no parsnips, and it does not tell you anything of the difficulties experienced by the working man to keep his home and his family up to the minimum of existence on a pound a week or less.

Certain philanthropists and sympathetic men have instituted inquiries into the conditions of living among a particular class of workers, and have provided and tabulated statistics of income and expenditure of these classes, and have divided and sub-divided them into sections according to the different degrees of poverty. But they are merely cold, lifeless figures. They do not convey to the reader the slightest indication of the mental torture endured by loving parents when they see their children gradually but surely becoming weak and emaciated for want of wholesome food and home comforts! Can any of my readers shut themselves away effectually from their social comforts and realise my poor description of the agonising tortures suffered by members of my class when they find their wage is not sufficient to procure the essentials of life for themselves and their families? Of course not. If you essayed an experiment—as a certain novelist is reputed to have done—there is always the inner consciousness that, when the worst comes to the worst, there is a banking account on which you can draw and immediately rehabilitate yourself. It is not so with the worker. He has no hope beyond his wage, and when he gets it all regularly—which is very seldom—it fails to supply his wants.

Let me particularise. We hear of neurasthenia and nervous breakdown among the business men of to-day as being due to the rush and scramble of commercialism and the anxieties of City life. But not a word is said about the nerve strain and tension of the industrial population to keep pace with the speeding-up methods in vogue everywhere. The business man has an appointment of great importance at 10 o'clock. His train is late, and he is not able to keep the appointment. He is vexed, and justly worried. It possibly may result in losing a large business order. But he has a way out of it. He dictates to his secretary an apology, and posts it off at once, and another time is fixed for an interview. May be he is kept in a condition of uncertainty for two or three days. Ultimately everything is adjusted and the trouble is over. Not so the worker. His mental and physical strain is permanent. From Monday morning to Sunday night, all the year round, difficulty after difficulty confronts him, and has to be surmounted somehow; and just as at the summit of the hill one sees other hills in the distance, so the worker, having risen above one difficulty, finds many more waiting for him

on the other side. By pluck, energy, and resolve—and the working man is the man of grit—he overcomes, one after another, the obstructions that lie in his path until at last he meets his match and succumbs. Look at this position: With a minimum wage of 30*s.* weekly—considered too high by our comfortable legislators—and any number of hours per week from fifty upwards, a man is expected to turn out healthy and responsible citizens of a future generation. His weekly outlay is: in rent, 7*s.*; travelling expenses, 2*s.*; clubs and insurances, 3*s.* (for a man must be thrifty and careful, no matter what his income, or he will be dubbed a "waster"); his church or mission, 6*d.* (for he is not respectable if he neglects these institutions); occasional gratuities to charitable objects, averaging 6*d.*; pocket-money for the children, 2*d.*; pin-money for the wife, o*d.*; for breakfast and dinner away from home, 3*s.*; total, 16*s.* 2*d.* This leaves 13*s.* 10*d.* for food for the whole family for the week, his own tea and supper for the week, and all his meals for Sunday; also boots, clothes, fuel, and light, and for replenishing the home (for every business man allows for depreciation). What a travesty of life! And close on his heels, dogging his footsteps at every turn, follows the Nemesis of sickness, short time, wet weather, increase of family, and accidents!

We are all familiar with the "pairing time" of the young men and maidens of our cities and villages, and poets have immortalised the incident in many verses. But there is little real poetry in the actual courtship of young people of the industrial class, especially where the home comforts and conveniences are extremely limited. There is an old saying that "love flies out of the window when poverty comes in at the door," yet without the stimulus of love there would be very few marriages indeed in the artisan class (for the best-paid clerk or artisan, and even some Civil servants, are unpleasantly familiar with the menace of the grim ogre of poverty). The young man who is earning his 30*s.*, 35*s.*, or £2 a week as clerk or journeyman may have the greatest possible ambition to get married and settled down, but the realisation of the ambition keeps flitting from his grasp like a will-o'-the-wisp. I am fully aware that there are many working men who would think themselves immensely lucky if they could see £2 a week coming in all the year round, and who would be ready to jump into matrimony at once if they were tolerably certain of

such an income. Yes, that is it; and that is the reason that there are a number of unpleasant unions and unhappy homes among this particular class. The £2 a week is all right—all the year round is the dream. They marry on the "baseless fabric of a vision."

But let me begin this revelation at the beginning: Here is a joiner who has served his apprenticeship and is fairly launched on the ocean of labour as a full-blown journeyman. His money is 10*d.* an hour, and his hours are 52½ per week. These figures will, of course, vary with the district; but I am taking them merely as an illustration. Well, £2 3*s.* 9*d.* a week seems a good round sum to get on with, and, as a single man, still living at home with his parents, he finds little difficulty in putting a portion of that sum in the bank. He will, probably, pay his mother 10*s.* or 12*s.* a week for washing, mending, and lodging, and a few meals. If he has all his meals at home he will assuredly pay more; but leave it at 12*s.*; that gives him 31*s.* 9*d.* for himself. Out of that he has to pay his clubs, his insurance, purchase some of his food, buy his boots and clothes, pay his travelling expenses, and spend a few shillings in enjoyment of some kind or other with his sweetheart. This will probably total up to 11*s.* 9*d.*, thus leaving him with the round pound to save for his house furnishing. A pound a week for fifty-two weeks is £52; and in two years he will have £104 to spend for his home! That is the bright side of the picture; that is the alluring phantom that makes him plunge into engagement; that is the influence that brings out the light optimism of his nature; that is the impetus of anticipation of joys to come, and the desire to be settled in his own home and be his own master. He conveys his ideas and hopes to his "young lady," and he makes her feel that there is now a future of perpetual summer before them. Side by side, and hand in hand, they saunter along to the brilliantly-lighted shops. They gaze joyously into the windows. They talk of drawing-room suites, dining-room suites, and bedroom suites—ten guineas for this, six guineas for that, and eight guineas for the other. "That is only £25 4*s.*; and I shall have £104 in two years!" Then they enumerate the other things they will want; little bookings are made in the pocket-book, addition sums appear on every page, and many sly digs and confidential squeezing of hands are indulged in before the shop-windows. "In two years I will claim you for my dearest

own"—words taken from some popular novel. And then——

But not one in 20,000, I should say, ever fully realises these happy love-dreams! The real picture is mostly blurred with unexpected and unpreventable realities—a season of short time, a period of unemployment, a week or two of sickness, the loss of savings in a slate club, or a foolish gamble with a few pounds on a horse that does not win his race. These reverses are followed by periods of remorse and resentment. Every man is not a Stoic; every man is not a Job; some have hasty, vindictive tempers, others are sulky and morose; in each case the girl is the objective of their spleen. Cases are not rare where a rift in the lute has driven the man to drink and turned the girl's love to hate. Some girls are not angels, although many more would be if it were not for the haunting anxiety of their future or the constant shattering of their hopes and anticipations. Go into any of the cheaper class of restaurant where the girl "fairies" dance attendance on your order for a cup of coffee and a scone; mark their joyous disposition as closing-time approaches and the hour for meeting their "young man" draws nearer. Then visit them again next week and see the downcast look of misery and depression on their faces (for they all know the cause of Carrie's tears, and they all sympathise with her—the Scriptural injunction is carried out to the letter with these girls—they weep with those that weep and rejoice with those that do rejoice). It is no use asking any one of them the cause of their misery—they are as close as oysters in such matters—they would not tell you; but Carrie's constant use of her handkerchief, the inflamed eyelids, the repeated snufflings, and the bent shoulders and drooping head single her out as the leading sufferer. "Crossed in love" is the orthodox and heartless explanation; but it is more, far more than that. For months, perhaps years, she has been living a kind of dual life. She has been joyous, flippant, and even frivolous at the restaurant; but at home she has been a slave—a nurse, a mother, a wife, a sister, a maid-of-all-work rolled into one. The few shillings she received as wages were spent to keep home together. Her father had only a small wage, her mother was an invalid, her brothers and sisters (four in all) were not old enough to leave school. Carrie herself was only nineteen. But a few months ago she had a young man. Oh, such a nice young man!

He was a carpenter, but when he was washed and dressed to meet Carrie at half-past seven you would not have known it. He had already talked about marriage, his prospects, his wages, and how he could "save a pound a week easy." And Carrie's heart leaped with joy. Was it love, or the prospect of freedom from her miserable surroundings and her artificial life? And now what was the matter? Why, her young man had been out of work a month, had become despondent, and had "given her up"! Crossed in love! Bah! it is an earthquake of future hopes. It is a sentence of penal servitude with hard labour for a girl not out of her teens. Foolish! What! foolish to hope for freedom?

Hope springs eternal in the human breast,

and with the industrial classes it is all hope and precious little realisation.

Follow the picture. The young carpenter repents. He seeks out Carrie and asks her forgiveness. She yields at once. But what are the prospects now? His midsummer reverie, his castle-in-the-air, built of 104 golden sovereigns, has materialised into a few shillings. He has nothing to buy his "home" with. The only alternative is to purchase on the hire system. He scans with interest the advertisement columns of the newspapers, and believes what they say. He makes the suggestion to Carrie, and she, poor girl, unschooled in the wickedness of the world and a stranger to the certainty of unemployment, falls in with the idea, and they get married. Soon after follow the rude awakenings. Our young wife has had a fairly good schooling in matters domestic as things go to-day. I do not say she is fully qualified to pass the standard which a workman's wife is expected to pass. That is a little too much to say. But she worked hard and assiduously, and bore her burden with a courage and heroism.

I venture to say there is no comparison between the alleged anxieties of middle-class women and the mental tortures perpetually endured by the wife of the average working man. I know our novelists can paint harrowing pictures of the love-trials through which certain of their characters pass. But they are merely outbursts of passion. They do not endure. They recover quickly, and invariably "live and die happy ever after." It is not so, however, with the women of the industrial class. Their anxieties

begin with their life and end with their life. A girl is immeasurably worse off than a boy. She starts household duties as soon as she is old enough to understand how to wash up crockery, sweep a floor, or tend to a baby. She has little, if any, time to play; and even her schooltime is abbreviated to do "something for mother." She may go to service, or may follow any one of the many occupations now open to girls. But even then she is expected to go straight home from work and help in the home in some way or the other. She is expected to make her own underlinen, her own dresses, and trim her own hats. She is religiously taught that her future happiness depends upon her capacity to cook, clean, superintend the house, do dressmaking and millinery, and have at least a first-aid knowledge of children's ailments and their remedies. And after having assimilated these multifarious duties she is considered qualified to become the wife of a working man and keep his home neat and tidy on a few shillings weekly! How many middle-class women would qualify for such a post? As things are to-day, it is absolutely distressing to see the wife of a working man go through the ordeal of a Saturday night's shopping. She has to ask the price of every article she wishes to purchase, and when she receives the reply from the shopman, a sum in mental arithmetic has to be done before she can decide whether to purchase or no. She is fully aware that cheap things are not the best, but the alternative she has to face is not cheap or dear, but cheap or nothing. Woollen goods, Dorset butter, or English meat are not for the working class; this a workman's wife soon learns. She has therefore to content herself with flannelette, margarine, and frozen meat—*sans* warmth, *sans* fat, and *sans* nourishment. All too soon the effect shows itself on the children of her bosom and intensifies the agonies of her life. Finally, the constant worry tells, and the once buxom lass becomes an emaciated old-young woman.

Some idea of the culinary knowledge required by women of the working class may be gleaned by a recital of the task she is expected to perform, and the tasks multiply with every addition to the family. Sunday is generally, and almost universally, the weekly feast day of the British proletariat. On that day they have delicacies for breakfast, hot joint for dinner, and luxuries of one kind or another for tea. Some even indulge in a little cold meat

for supper. I ought to say here that the interpretation of the words used in connection with the meals and food of the industrial classes is strictly as understood by them, and not as understood by the upper and middle classes. In particular I refer to lunch and dinner. The lunch of the middle class is a dinner for the working class. The lunch of the working class is nothing more than a stop-gap mouthful of bread and butter or bread and cheese taken between meals. The workers have nothing to correspond with the six-course dinner of the middle class. The wife, then, prepares these meals. Sunday's dinner is the leading meal. Monday's is, as a rule, some of the cold meat left from Sunday. Tuesday's is the remains hashed up. On Wednesday, sometimes another joint, sometimes a few "pieces." Thursday is another "resurrection day"; and Friday, sausages or cookshop stuff. Saturday is a combination of dinner and tea at one meal, with a little *etcetera* in the shape of fish, bacon, or cake. Besides the cooking, the wife has to do the washing, all the housework, look after the children and repair their clothes, and to see that the husband's clothes are all right—for a pair of trousers with a brace-button short is a source of much annoyance, and is resented in ways that do not always redound to the credit of the husband. On the top of these many duties and responsibilities, which fall mainly on the shoulders of the wife, come the innumerable and unavoidable domestic accidents—the breaking of crockery, the burning of food in the cooking, the spilling of the milk, the upsetting of the lamp-oil, the tearing of clothes, the smashing of window-panes, and the loss of money by the children when sent on an errand—all of which, probably, could be covered by the expenditure of a few shillings. Yet, when every penny is ear-marked for some special expenditure, and when the balance is always nil, it is not surprising that these accidents are a great source of anxiety.

All through life the trials and troubles of the industrial community are incessant; there is no rest; no relaxation; scarcely a pause; but, like the ever-rolling sea, just a brief calm, to be followed by a fierce storm of the bitterest severity.

The Royal Academy

By Walter Sickert

THE Royal Academy is accustomed to be scolded, and most of the scoldings are singularly beside the mark. One daily heads a column, "The Effete Academy." The critic of another, to be thoroughly up-to-date and in-the-know, perpetrates the witticism that Sir Edward Poynter's picture is *aptly* entitled "A Little Mishap." An important and interesting work filled with beauties is dismissed, under the leg, as they say in France, without another word, and the critic has evidently no suspicion that this impertinent flippancy is only a measure of his own want of independence and judgment.

This is only the other snobbishness, the snobbishness that says, "People are just now throwing stones at this or that distinction, so I must have a shy, or I shall not be in the movement." This sort of thing is not criticism. It helps no one, it clarifies nothing, and offends most of all the serious student of painting, to whatever school he may belong. There is no one who has handled the brush or the pencil with serious effort for a few years but knows that, if the Poynter teaching and the Poynter example had been more persistently followed by the younger generation of late years, there would be a great deal less coarse, empty, and incompetent canvas on the walls of all our exhibitions than there is at present.

I was fortunate enough to cull a delicious pendant to the above-said flower of wit from the fair lips of a radiant super-goose in front of a sketch by Mr. Sargent entitled "Cypresses" (186). Standing quite close to the little canvas and peering into some slabs of white paint that at a proper distance resolve themselves into a spirited *pochade* of bullocks, she murmured with conviction and pathos, "Marvellous! Simply marvellous!" That there might be no mistake I wrote the words down on the spot in the margin of my catalogue. Now I am quite convinced that at the distance at which her ladyship was standing from the

wall the painting can have conveyed nothing at all to her untutored intelligence. But she had had the right "tip." She had read about the "blinding light" and goodness knows what that the papers almost unanimously attribute to every sketch by Sargent, and she wasn't going to look like a fool. I remember a wag in Paris who asked the price of a certain drawing, signed and framed, that was hanging in the shop of a well-known dealer. "*Mille francs*," was the answer. "*Ôtez le cadre et la signature.*" The dealer, who was also a wag, replied, "*O alors, trois francs cinquante.*"

The worst that can be said of the Royal Academy is that you cannot fill fifteen galleries a year with masterpieces. If filled they must be, you can only fill them with what you have got. It is no use complaining because all the people you meet in the Edgware Road are not dressed by Poole or Paquin. Have the critics who take the line that all the ills of art can be laid at the doors of the Royal Academy ever reflected what would be the result of the following experiment? Let us suppose the galleries at Burlington House extended, and an infusion made each year of all the modern paintings in the New English Art Club and the International, would the artistic temperature of the Academy exhibition be raised by a fraction of a degree? Are not many of the salient exhibitors the same in all three exhibitions? Dare any society open its doors without a water-colour or two by Sargent? Can it be maintained that when Mark Fisher has a picture in the New English Art Club he is to be considered on the side of the angels, and that canvases by the same able hand are works of damnation when they are hung on the north side of Piccadilly? Can the New English Art Club claim to express an æsthetic creed altogether higher than, and differing from that of the Academy when it puts forward annually the clever and taking compositions of Mr. von Glehn? No critic who was not purely partisan would say so. All the so-called progressive criticism in this country is tainted and compromised by an attitude of partisanship for the "outs" *quâ* "outs" against the "ins" *quâ* "ins."

Anyone who cares for art knows that this is not the real line of cleavage. Painters are all groaning under the same evil—the gate-money exhibition system. They think themselves obliged, in order to keep in the public eye, to produce one or several annual posters in oils on a scale bearing no

relation to their message, or to the walls of any house in which these posters are likely to hang. The appeal in these pictures is calculated to last for whatever fraction of a minute that a visitor can spare to bestow on the one-thousand-nine-hundred-and-ninety-sixth part (I take the fraction from this year's catalogue) of the morning or the afternoon he may spend in the galleries. Now, if you watch the sales at Christie's, which form a criticism of the subsequent lives of pictures, you will find the division clear into exhibition pictures, *machines*, as they call them in France, and room pictures. It will generally be found that a room picture by a given painter is more saleable and fetches a higher price than the same man's *machine*. Those who consent to play at the game of competitive painting are forced into coarseness and, unless they are very full men, into emptiness.

It is some time since the story of Whistler's playful telegram to me on reading an article I had written in praise of Leighton's "Summer Moon" has gone the round of the Press on both sides of the Atlantic; and twenty years, more or less, have only confirmed the opinion for holding which my professor then compared me to St. Peter. I think now, as I did then, that the kind of ordered and conscious accomplishment represented by Leighton's picture was the real road of art, the only road for students to tread in order that they might become masters. Nothing has proved my contention more than the history of Whistler's own subsequent production. He had an invitation to fill a space in some great building in America, and his methods were utterly inadequate to accomplish the task. He made a few sketches, but nothing further. For years he had by him schemes for decorative compositions. I remember a Venus walking on the sands, with suggestions of crocuses springing from her footsteps, but it remained a dream, and never became an accomplishment.

Whistler may be taken as a type of the gifted modern, in whose composition taste outweighs action. His lead in criticism was a dangerous one, since he compared what other men actually achieved with what he dreamt of achieving and would have liked to achieve. If it pleased him to laugh at sound achievement, his own delicious talent robbed his attitude of offence. I remember, indeed, that a very acute critic maintained that this attitude of Whistler's, this *odium theologicum* for the work of his contemporaries, was

necessary to his talent and a needed stimulus to the sense he certainly had that his brush was, as it were, a hammer of infidels. But it won't do for those who are not Whistler to jump up on our laps and affect a Whistlerian naughtiness. The paradox of Oscar Wilde was tedious and empty enough in his hands, but the fact that a whole brood of journalists and playwrights have subsisted on it ever since is an open confession of intellectual famine.

Might I venture to suggest to a Press in search of an attitude that we should all agree to leave off carping at the Academy, and confine ourselves to the consideration of some of the works on their merits, and to an examination of opposing tendencies?

It is odd that just as the up-to-date critic has learnt to cry, "Down with Poynter" with his eyes shut, and to hail anything that he thinks distantly related to Whistler as revelation, those of us who knew and understood Whistler's work from inside, when the said up-to-date critic was in his perambulator, are coming surely and deliberately to very different conclusions. We have had time to see that the Whistlerian attitude has led to sterility, while the classic, or the academic method remains with its constant accretion of traditional momentum a durable framework. Succeeding generations will ever be able to fit new themes therein in accordance with the varied demands that diversity of talent and novelty of event may dictate.

In France, which is a critical country, where the painter lives in a critical *milieu*, the necessity for a reaction towards classic methods has been clearly understood for some years. The appreciation that the decorative compositions of Maurice Denis and Vuillard have met with is proof of my contention.

Let the youthful critic examine the Poynter in detail, putting aside, if he can, for the moment the fear that Mr. McColl is hiding round the corner with a big stick. Let him compare this academic painting (and note that the word "academic" does not mean "of, or pertaining to the Royal Academy"—far from it) with two paintings that he would probably consider as "progressive" or "vanguard" or "secessionistic," to use a Continental term, and therefore praiseworthy and defensible.

Let us take Mr. Henry's picture of a picnic party or Mr. Lavery's marine, entitled "The Terrace." In the work of the two "*jeunes*" there is as nearly nothing as it is

possible to put on a canvas and yet convey the suggestion of a scene. How soon, if you lived with either of the latter pictures, would you have got to the end of all it had to say?

Now look at the gracious elaboration of the Poynter, at the architecture of his scene, and the disposition of his actors. I like to think of a picture that interests me as hanging in a room that might be at once a dressing and a breakfast room, where, collecting my thoughts for the day, a golden moment that belongs to no one may reveal a beauty, now of human movement and construction, and now a hint of the leafy luxury of some strange summer sojourn, of marble fountains and of shallow water.

Half the artist is his knowledge of what is properly the raw material of art. I remember Jacques Blanche pointing out to me what seemed to him a perfect example of that instinct in a tiny passage of a picture by Millet. On the thatched roof of a far-off cottage Millet had applied, like a postage-stamp, a little image of a man in blue trousers mending the thatch. The little figure was so far off, so touching, so flattened out, and so deedy. And the more absurd and nugatory my words in describing this must appear, the more I prove my case that Millet was giving here just that something that only the pencil or the brush can give, an emotion whose bouquet will not survive decanting from the skin of painting into that of letters. Something of this essence belongs to any painting that is art. It can only be distilled from leisure, from a painless arrest in the passage of time. The drunkard knows these moments, and we can often see small children lost in the timeless contemplation of what to us may seem a trifle. Haunted as we are by duties, griefs, diseases, what we can ask of art is what is called in America a "let-up."

The period of Poynter's schooling in Paris was an interesting and a classic one. Paris was Paris, and a good tradition was sedulously nursed and guarded by painters and teachers who had not been hustled out of a passion for art. Amid the pestilential vibration of the up-to-date motors that jostle for "the line," the scent of the roses still clings to these canvases. Look at the two chief figures: the child reaching for the boat, and the girl that is holding him back. Consider alone the treatment of the passage that consists of the hand of the boy as it slips along the arm of his sister, neither quite disengaged, nor quite held fast. How perfect the naturalness of the movement is

preserved, with considerable detail, and on a scale so small as to add to the difficulty. And yet the two limbs are fused in their proper lighting with great breadth. There is nothing approaching hardness or niggling. I should like my up-to-date friends in the Press to find me a passage of figure painting among the "*jeunes*" to equal this in tranquil accomplishment. Now let us come to the treatment of the trees in the garden over the marble wall and the fountains. Don't imagine that the final manner of treating foliage has yet been settled for all time. Poussin gave an idea of a cornfield by drawing a limited number of growing ears and making them like corn. Or he gave an idea of an oak by drawing a limited number of branches with leaves that were like oak leaves. *It has yet to be proved that there is a better way.* I have often heard Degas say that in painting you must give the idea of the true by means of the false. In Poynter's picture it seems to me that certain branches are selected with great skill, and are made to loom out of the shadow in such a way as to convey the idea of a wood, and also of the kind of trees of which the wood is composed.

Let us look at the manner in which some of the "*jeunes*" grapple with this difficulty, since we are so up-to-date. Is Mr. Henry's way better? Look at Sir Alfred East's "Autumn in England." Would the coarseness of that kind of execution give any permanent pleasure to contemplate in a private house? Sir Alfred is a man of talent, and by no means without a vein of romantic observation in landscape. But he is the victim of the exhibition system, and some necessity that I don't understand forces him to expand too many ideas on too large a scale. The explanation may be that he, like many others, has reached a point where he paints more with an eye to purchase by public galleries than by private owners. And the taste of mayors and syndics at home and abroad runs rather to forced and rhetorical canvases on a large scale, than to art of any delicacy.

Till now it may be said that the mayors and syndics who form the art collections of British and foreign galleries get the pictures that their fellow-citizens deserve. At least we get at present museums of municipal taste. But I see, alas, the dawn of a terrible era, when the Art Alderman will no longer walk, a free man, into our studios, with his ornate and sympathetic address. He will walk, like Eugene Aram, with Contemporary Art Society gyves upon

his wrist, or be hauled in, frog's-marched by Mr. McColl, Mr. Fry, Mr. Robert Ross, and Mr. Cyril Butler.

In the landscapes of Mr. David Murray we can still see a nearer connection with the tender and spirited execution that the Scots school has inherited from Rubens *viâ* Wilkie, Orchardson, &c. His picture, "The Triumph of Spring," has a real lyrical quality and virtuosity which, *pace* Mr. Fry, has never been absent from the work of the greatest painters. The effort to depreciate skill is doomed to failure. The mind and the senses will always continue to be thrilled and enchained by skill, by apparent facility in doing a thing. It is only when skill becomes an aim in itself that it tires, and indeed quickly degenerates as skill.

The advanced critic, whom the professors of slightness in art are just now leading by the nose, has decreed, in his wisdom, that you may not paint a picture of a scene that is supposed to take place at any period but that in which the painter lives. That is a most disputable doctrine, and would sweep off the face of the earth most of the masterpieces of the world. A canon that would condemn Mantegna's whole production is surely nothing but nonsensical. The surest sign of health in the Academy is not, as these critics suppose, that Mr. Sargent now hangs sketches on the line where the tradition calls for pictures, but that there are still painters with the courage and ability to tackle such compositions as Mr. Edgar Bundy's Shakespearean performance, or Mr. Gow's Scene in the House of Commons, or Mr. Seymour Lucas's picture of a Cabinet Council under Queen Elizabeth.

Imagine a generation educated as your advanced critic would seem to desire. Mr. Lavery and Mr. Henry leave out a good deal, but let us try to imagine what would be left in the frames on the line after a generation or two trained in the doctrine of omission.

A critic cannot very well discuss the ladies' portraits at these great shows. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they can only be regarded as works of collaboration. When the super-goose pays the piper, she has a right to call the tune. In the duel between painter and super-goose, it is the super-goose who comes out top dog. We can only offer to her employés the assurance of our respectful sympathy.

Certain aberrations of judgment an Academy might, it seems, be called upon severely to repress. There is a

painting entitled "The Child," hung above the portrait of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. In it some quite pretty varnished faces are set in a kind of meaningless *pot-pourri* of patches of paint, mechanical in pattern, and irrelevant in colour. I take no pleasure in pointing to weaknesses or failures, but deliberate naughtiness calls for a word of protest now and again. I am puzzled as I look at such perverse productions, and ask myself at what time and under what impulse a painter, not without skill, departs deliberately from the effort to shape what he sees in accordance with reason and nature.

In what I may call super-artistic circles, circles that are a little higher than the artists, and a little lower than the peerage, there is sometimes manifested a want of humour, an absence of self-consciousness that is delightful. Sir Philip Burne-Jones has made this Academy memorable by donning for once the armour of Velasquez. And, upon my word, upon my say-so, he wears it quite creditably. It is a case of "When Baronets were Bold."

Play of the Month

The New Sin

Mr. Macdonald Hastings has suddenly burst into the public eye with a womanless play called *The New Sin*, which is cleverly played at the Criterion. It is a piece of work full of ingenuity, bright, witty, written on a thesis of a grim, almost Galsworthian, unpleasantness, yet which, for lack either of sincerity of feeling or want of true artistic and organic construction, may be taken quite pleasantly as comic melodrama or as a specific of the sort of literary pick-me-up which Mr. Balfour advocated for literature at the recent annual dinner of the Literary Society. As a story the thing is as terrible as the morgue. A young man is cut off by his father without a penny, and so vindictive is the parent, who made his pile out of a sock suspender patent, that in order to prevent his second-born from getting the benefit of his fortune in any kind of way (through the other children), he disinherits them all until the particular son shall have died and so satisfied his vengeance.

Of course, there are a lot of other children, boys and girls, all brought up to live idle lives, all spoilt and useless creatures. The only one with any brains or character is the penalised son, who is getting on quite well as a painter, and compelled to stint himself in order to help the necessitous brothers and sisters, though if they had the money they would not be allowed to assist him. The play is what happens when another brother turns up, having just been "fired" out of a big draper's shop for getting one of the girls into trouble. The painter realises that suicide is the only kindly solution, and a Socialist friend having advised him to shoot some capitalist and get hanged rather than die "uselessly," the painter brother makes up his mind to do the job.

Then the theatricality begins. The very draper who "fired" the brother comes in, makes a friend of the painter

and lo! the degenerate brother comes in too. Here we get a Bernstein scene—sociology, criminology, ending with the weak brother catching up the revolver and shooting the draper dead. "I did it," says the painter, realising that fate had played into his hands. He is about to be hung. The murderous brother rejoices—he will have the money now, a car and a pretty girl in furs to put in it. He thought the black-cap sentence of the other brother a really "comic business," but no man recks his rede. Instead of swinging, his brother is to be locked up for life. Thus the money will not fall to the family after all; the misery of life will continue. In despair the half-baked youth wrings his hands in hysterical disappointment. Curtain. (Sensation.)

Such a situation would not seem inherently impossible. Fathers do such things; sons do such things; there is nothing so extraordinary as reality. It is the treatment that is insincere and artificial. I will admit at once that the conditions of our theatre do not allow an author to be loyal to his subject, if it is not speciously jolly and bright, but there is too much adventitious strain and theatricality about this to lead the critic to applaud. And the test is the relative joviality of the effects produced and even of the climax, which falls as a jar and almost as an anti-climax. It works like the trick of anacoluthon in writing. It is not organic, proven, expressed, convincing. It is a tragedy taken flippantly. All through the evening we have laughed at the sallies and quips of the author's people, being but little interested in the story, and hardly at all in the thesis, because it seems irrelevant to our enjoyment and so flimsily germane to the play. Now precisely the contrary should be the effect. It is the thesis which should arrest our attention; as a matter of fact it is—the book. So that when this horrid youth gloats over the good things he is going to have after his brother is hanged for the murder that he committed, we suddenly realise that the play is a very terrible and distressing one, as harrowing as Thérèse Raquin at the Court, though only at the end, as a kind of surprise *douceur*, like the Barrie-ism of "little Mary." Palpably something is amiss. What is wrong is the insincerity of the art—the art of presentation, of relationship to life, of that loyalty of aim without which there is no art.

The play is, in short, a good example of theatrical journalese. All the same it is good journalese. It shows

that the author can amuse the public. Judged on this play, he would seem a new entertainer of no mean potentiality.

S. O.

P.S.—The condition-of-England's-theatre question has never been more flagrantly illustrated than by the changing of the name of *Improper Peter* to *Proper*—the title which the play at the Garrick now bears. Here we have the diagnosis of the entertainment system. Mr. Bourchier, who so heroically perpetrated this quick change, can quote Shakespeare, of course: "What's in a name!" to which I retaliate, "the play is the thing." But in England the play is not the thing. Proper and improper have two diametrically opposite meanings, as black and white, good and bad. Applied to art they are not interchangeable. *The Spectator*, for instance, is smug or not smug—it cannot be both at the same time. An actress wears a pink frock or a mauve one—even the kinema cannot help her to wear a frock which is pink and mauve at once. A man may be tall or short—he cannot be both. And so with art, only far more so. Yet here is a case of a play written on the theme of one *Improper Peter*, redubbed *Proper Peter*, and no one—not even the play—is a penny the worse. Mr. Bourchier, it would seem, is some pennies the better. After all, what does it matter? The thing is to entertain. Peters can be proper and improper. If the public prefer the adjective proper, why, let them have it. Of course. Go up one, Mr. Bourchier. Good old Charlie!—he passed the play, mind you. And some folk want to pass him. What sadness there is in real humour!

Books of the Month

FICTION

THE CITY OF LIGHT. By W. L. GEORGE. Constable. 6*s*.

Despite a somewhat heavy opening, and a more than uninspired "hero," Mr. George has succeeded in writing a novel the power of which cannot be denied.

Apart altogether from the question of power of writing, it is a book that there are not many who would possess the qualifications to write. The result is a book that a good many readers will turn to because of the incidental information it conveys of a certain type of Parisian *bourgeois* life—that is none the less *bourgeois* because it imagines itself *bien élevée;* and of that insistence on the unity of family life, in its restricted and arbitrary meaning, that can always call down the execution of the Code for its enforcement.

But a book may be all this and yet have no creative power. It is not a small achievement on Mr. George's part that he should have taken these merely informative conditions, and made out of them a story that, directly the opening dullness is completed, holds attention to the end. He is not precisely fortunate with his hero, who is a somewhat bovine and eupeptic individual. This is not so much the fault of Mr. George, however, as a prime condition of the plot he has chosen. For Henri Duvernoy, little though he seems a likely person to do so, falls in love with a girl whose parents cannot raise a *dot* of magnitude sufficient to satisfy his mother's pride in him—or, as one might say, pride in herself. This gives Mr. George the best piece of character-drawing in the book. Madame Duvernoy's struggle to keep her son, a struggle maintained both against his heavy vacillating resistance and her husband's self-interest and indifference, is an excellent piece of work, upheld consistently throughout the book. We hate her, it is true; we long that Henri should be a man for once, and stand true to the higher claim on his life; but we are interested in her, nevertheless, even though it be against our inclination, interested profoundly in herself and her loveless, self-centred, half-devoted emotions: and that is the essence of creation.

Altogether Mr. George has given us a noteworthy novel. At first it was a little stiff, and looked as though it would turn out to be merely photographic. But there is passion in the book, and passion in contrast, moreover, which is the most salutary thing that Art can show us.

ONE OF US. By GILBERT FRANKAU. Chatto and Windus. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

Mr. Frankau has struck a variant on the usual method of stating a literary indebtedness. In his Dedication to this satire in verse he declares his indebtedness to Byron; but, to keep more happily in the spirit of the matter, he declares it in such a way as to make it quite clear that it is Byron and not he who loses by the contrast. In fact, had it not been for this declaration the former would have lost, for the indebtedness extends to a matter of detail; the stanza is that of *Don Juan*; the lilt, the mood, and the phrasing is that of *Don Juan*. "I search thy cantos for forgotten rhyming," Mr. Frankau even declares in an excess of frankness. And he certainly does so. Rhyme after rhyme comes from *Don Juan*, though it is rather the spirit of the rhyming than the actual rhymes that declare the likeness. They have the same kind of devil-may-care *abandon*, though it is just to point out that when Byron altered the accentuation of a word in order to wrest a rhyme from it, he never

merely altered it; he gave the very alteration an insolent defiance that was in keeping with the tone of the poem. In this he was a fellow with the author of *Hudibras*. Mr. Frankau does not achieve this unique and defiant mastery.

We have spoken of *One of Us* as a satire in verse. It is really rather a novel in verse, dealing, as poems in the metre of *Don Juan* should do, chiefly in episodes of love—swinging, indeed, from one to another with surprising agility. The contrast with Byron is inevitably continuous in a poem so frankly derivative, and in this matter the contrast is most marked. Byron's erotic scenes are, of course, the purple patches of his poem; but it is not less true that the passages linking them, in which he discourses of the world at large, and his affairs in particular, have an intimate fascination about them, that may be diabolic enough, but that is infinitely amusing. In *One of Us* the purple patches are quite vivid, and now and then powerful in laying hold on essential situations and conveying them in sly touches; but in the passages where the story by necessity hangs fire while Mr. Frankau rolls some other episode before us, he lacks that ability altogether. It was scarcely to be expected that he would display it.

Mr. Frankau has written a vital, even astonishing (and lengthy) ballad of modern life. And in spite of this direct derivation of stanza, style, and story, he is very largely independent in his manner of treatment. In much of the poem he is no slavish imitator. If it has not the moments coruscant with poetry that its prototype has, it reads with a swing and *abandon*, and Beaconsfieldian cleverness, "most damnably well."

SHADOWS OUT OF THE CROWD. By RICHARD CURLE. Swift. 6*s*.

This volume of short stories introduces a writer from whom much may be expected. Mr. Curle has not yet mastered his material, and suggests the normal more successfully than he elaborates the insane. "The Happy Past" is attractive, with its irony and admirable reconstruction. "Fire Within and Without" is a subtle variation of a dearly-loved theme. "Confession" has the fever of anticipation and the shock of love at first sight. "Appearance and Reality" is impressive, but suffers from the continual shifting of its centre. The other tales are not up to the level of these—one or two are even irritating. The author apparently strives to be obscure, when actually no doubt he is in pursuit of clarity. His West Indian descriptions remind us of Lafcadio Hearn; otherwise this collection has the distinction of intense individuality. His dialogue is often bad, because it tries to be so very good. Snatches of unrelated conversations are futile in print, just as half a dozen eyes scattered over a canvas have no power to suggest the nobility of faces. Still, as *Shadows out of the Crowd* vanish, the reader is haunted by the memory of them, tries to enclose them and fails. Here is the secret of Mr. Curle's success.

DAPHNE IN THE FATHERLAND. Anon. Melrose. 6*s*.

This "novel" may have been written by a smart lady's maid with the help of some backstairs paragraphist. Perhaps we should have liked it better in a less pretentious disguise. The writer's pen is dipped in patchouli, which she mistakes for gall. This "Gals' Gossip" is unlikely to disturb Anglo-Germanic relations; but "Pfui!" as the author assures us, is the Teutonic expression of distaste. Pfui!

THROUGH THE IVORY GATE. By REGINALD FARRER. Palmer. 6*s*.

Mr. Farrer is just too clever. When we ought to be moved we are merely stimulated, and sometimes we are slightly irritated. Yet this novel has great distinction and in all inessentials is really good. But the inhabitants—we use the word with intention—are not profoundly observed. The author writes round them. If Mr. Farrer would give to well-bred humanity the consideration he lavishes on the formation of moraines, he

would write something finer than the accomplished novel. John Trevannion is as difficult as *Iris Lorteti*, and Mr. Farrer gives us, as it were, theories for his cultivation. But he never succeeds in making him bloom. As for Althea, she is as pleasantly elfin and quite as impossible as *Eritrichium nanum*. Mr. Farrer once announced he had overcome that perverse blue flower. Perhaps he felt the same about Althea, while he was writing about her. However, we enjoyed every word of this book, as we enjoy everything written by Mr. Farrer. There is in this instance some brilliant phrasing, and the opening is just as good as it can be.

THE SOLEMNIZATION OF JACKLIN. By FLORENCE FARR. A. C. Fifield. 6s.

How remote seems the heroine of this book, with her balloon-sleeves and overtrimmed hat of the period: how all the men dance like fauns in some garden-city of Eden. There were, however, many good Champagne years in the sunny 'nineties, and if by now even the best vintages have lost much of their sparkle and no longer figure in wine-lists, we must grant that Miss Farr's book belongs to a famous year. Yet we cannot help regretting that so much fine characterization, such delicate style and entertaining dialogue, should go to adorn a tale that is improbable and slightly unpleasant. Still *The Solemnization of Jacklin* must be read by all who care for literature. And if we appear ungrateful for *The Yellow Book*, and if we detect in this "very modern novel" a sentimental naughtiness, well, well—*eheu fugaces*.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

GLADSTONE AND IRELAND (1850–1894). By LORD EVERSLEY. Methuen and Co. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

Everyone who writes or who speaks upon the Home Rule question should make himself acquainted with this book. It is not at all controversial or partizan. It is not a defence, nor a criticism, nor an exposition of the pending Bill, and it leaves the whole policy where it was left by Mr. Gladstone in 1894. It is entirely historical. It is an impartial, lucid, reasoned account of Parliamentary action towards Irish problems over nearly half a century. It is written by a public man who took part in this action and was in close relation with all those concerned, both Irish and British.

As I have been also in touch with all these Irish questions over the whole of the period concerned, and have myself known the persons who took part in the agitations and debates involved, I would bear witness to the accuracy of the narrative and to the soundness of the judgments passed by the author on the chief actors of those times. Lord Eversley tells the story from year to year of the long contest with the inner knowledge that can only be attained by those who have long been within the governing circle or charged with Cabinet secrets. Some of his colleagues still live, as do the relations and literary executors of those who are gone. And no one of these has made any dissent from the statements contained. For my own part, I confidently recommend the volume as an entirely faithful and judicial summary of the whole Irish problem—by far the most knotty question of our time.

The book opens with the dismal years which followed the Irish Famine of 1846 down to the Tenant Right movement of 1850, with the efforts made by Sir Gavan Duffy until he retired to Australia in 1855. Then follows the Fenian movement of 1858–1868, the Irish Church Act of 1869, and the Land Act of 1870. The story of Mr. Butt, Mr. Shaw, and the rise of Parnell are fully explained, and the history of the various Land Leagues, Land Acts, Coercion and Crimes Acts—from 1881 to 1889—followed by the Parnell Commission of 1889–90. All of these are given with strict impartiality and intimate knowledge.

The chief interest of the book will be found in the careful analysis of

the two Home Rule Bills of 1886 and 1893, and of the policy of Gladstone and the attitude of Parnell during the protracted contests of these years of storm and stress. I was myself in close touch with the principal actors in this momentous time, and I can bear witness to the perfect faithfulness of the history as told by Lord Eversley, and to the sound judgment with which he analyses the character and the ideas of the leading men in the great struggle. His enthusiastic honour for the heroic efforts of Mr. Gladstone does not lead his former colleague either to exaggerate the achievements of the veteran chief or to disparage the motives of his opponents. And in my opinion, the judgment passed on Parnell for his great services and his personal offences is exactly what will prove to be the balanced judgment of future times.

A more trustworthy history of a great political crisis does not exist. And, until Home Rule is finally secured this book ought to be in the hands of every political speaker or writer. FREDERIC HARRISON.

THE CANON LAW IN MEDIÆVAL ENGLAND. An Examination of William Lyndwood's "Provinciale," in reply to the late Professor F. W. Maitland. By ARTHUR OGLE, M.A., Rector of Otham, Maidstone. John Murray. 6s. net.

Apparently a manifesto issued by Mr. Ellis J. Griffith, K.C., M.P., in October last revealed to the Rev. Mr. Ogle that the case for the disendowment of the "Welsh" Church—as he styles the "Church of England in Wales"—was to be based on Professor Maitland's treatise on the Canon Law. "Without loss of time I therefore endeavoured to set down the reasons which led me to rank Maitland's thesis among the many which in so far as they are true are not new, and in so far as they are new are not true." This statement sufficiently accounts for the strongly polemic spirit of this overgrown pamphlet. However free the historical inquiry on which it is based may have been from considerations of current politics the actual form it has taken is characterised by its initial appeal to religious prejudice against the "convinced Agnostic Maitland." As a means of promoting impartial inquiry the reverend gentleman puts Professor Maitland out of court because of his freedom from religious bias. He carefully points out that Welsh Nonconformists are not in the same position as the late Professor. "They are," he says, "Christian men involved in a church connection of some sort. Their acceptance of Maitland cannot be academic; it must bind them in the court of conscience. The position to which it commits them is that of the repudiation of Protestantism. Can they hope to derive, from this project of 'Disendowment,' any advantage commensurable with the price?" Among his further appeals to prejudice is the suggested possibility that the present Disestablishment Bill may lead to the "sale of the rectory by auction, and the disappearance of the resident parson," and the assertion that the demand for Welsh Disestablishment is "only that of a resolute and well-organised caucus." Mr. Ogle boldly maintains that the "Church of England by law established" is identical with the pre-Reformation Church, and that the Reformation in England caused no breach of historical continuity. Yet he himself admits that prior to that epoch-making event the members of the Church in England were "in acknowledged allegiance to the Papacy," while after it "the independent and full-panoplied Church of England ensued." This whole argument is an amusing performance in spite of its transparent sophistry. The author contends that everyone who admits that the complete exclusion of Roman jurisdiction from England constituted such a breach of historical continuity, "is properly a Papist and nothing else," though "he may sit in Parliament for a Welsh constituency and call himself a Methodist. . . . It is one of the finer ironies of history that he is looking for support to the representatives of papist Ireland. The logic of history has so arranged it that no Protestant can strike at the Church of England without strengthening the Church of Rome, and moulding his lips to the Roman shibboleth." All the learning displayed by Mr. Ogle in enumerating instances of checks and limita-

tions imposed upon Roman jurisdiction in pre-Reformation England by the State cannot dispose of the broad facts. In spite of similar quarrels with the Papacy, sometimes leading to actual war, Spain and France have remained Roman Catholic, while England, like Germany, severed her connection with Rome, and the universal church it represented. Furthermore, the Englishmen of the Reformation period themselves recognised the breach with the past. Indeed, any failure to do so would have shown extraordinary blindness on their part in presence of the Roman Catholic and Protestant martyrs whose blood sealed that severance. Mr. Ogle's work will convince nobody not already anxious to be convinced, but it has the qualities of its defects. The work of an advocate, it is interesting and brightly written, and is sure to please those disposed to agree with his thesis.

A Poet's Children: Hartley and Sara Coleridge. By Eleanor A. Towle. With twelve illustrations. Methuen. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

The incidents in the lives of Hartley and Sara Coleridge such as the biographer can collect are few, except where they touch the lives of their more famous elders of the Lake School. When Sara leaves the tuition of Southey at Greta Hall and goes to her married life in London, and when Hartley goes to Oxford, to London, or to Sedbergh, there is little to be said. The fact is that Mrs. Towle has taken the utmost pains in consulting the material that lies ready to hand through the fame of Southey, Wordsworth, and the elder Coleridge, but her researches have not enabled her to tell us much that is new concerning the lives of the great poet's children. She has, however, given us all that it is profitable to know about Sara. When S. T. Coleridge and Mrs. Coleridge were separated, Sara remained in Cumberland, in the custody of her unimaginative, practical-minded mother. She was a delicate, reserved, beautiful child, whose "meditative eye" inspired Wordsworth to write a poem. Her quick intellect responded all too readily to the tuition which Southey gave her, so that before she was twenty she was well versed in the classics, as well as in French, German, Spanish, and Italian. But when all is said and done, though she translated a Latin Jesuit work and produced a few original works of her own—of no considerable merit—though in her youth she received eulogies from great authors and a tribute from the ever-honest Lamb, she is no more than a talented, intellectually disposed, and highly admirable lady. The most important work she did was to assist her husband in editing and annotating the "Table Talk" and "Biographia Literaria" of her father.

But there is not a fact given here about Hartley Coleridge which we could spare, and it is much to be regretted that the author could not have given us a fuller account of his mature years at Ambleside and Grasmere. Hartley's was a singularly attractive personality. He is far more human and lovable than any one of the great group of poets among whom he was brought up. In both S. T. Coleridge and Wordsworth love of Nature was in large measure an abstract principle rather than a continually lived and literal fact. But Hartley lived the life which Wordsworth praised. In all simplicity he moved about at ease among the rustics of the neighbourhood. He rejoiced in the company of children who, if truth be told, were evidently often very distressing to Wordsworth. He drank with the villagers at the village inn, and had a keen sense of humour denied to his august parent. At the same time, he wrote poetry of singular sweetness, light, fanciful, and at times profoundly reflective. We are unable to understand the extraordinarily warped perspective of the biographer which makes her seize upon the one fatal weakness of Hartley—his drunkenness—and use him for a study in degeneration. Too much altogether has been made of this weakness of his. Hartley, it is true, was, like his father, a man of unstable character, nervously constituted, little disposed for prolonged concentration, and too prone to accept his weakness as an inevitable attribute of his temperament. His early familiarity with ideas, the atmosphere of philosophy and visionary poetry, in

which he was steeped as a child, brought out his talents at too tender an age. He had invented an ideal Republic of his own, with ideal laws, at an age when most boys are concerned with their spelling books. No wonder that he was melancholy and self-conscious at seventeen, and overwrought when he was an undergraduate at Oxford. He disliked the state of a probationer for a Fellowship at his College. He felt that he was "subjected to a sort of espionage," and he lost his Fellowship through intemperance. The habit remained with him throughout life. It confirmed his dislike of ordered and continuous labour. The articles he wrote were comparatively short articles. His poems were short poems, and the best of them are sonnets. But it is all of a high level. If he never reached the supreme levels of Wordsworth, to whose school he belongs rather than to that of his father, at least he never fell so low as Wordsworth at his worst.

POETRY

THE CLOUDS. By CHARLES M. DOUGHTY. Duckworth. 5s. net.

To subject the Books of the Prophets to the test of mere literary criticism must always seem something of an impertinence; and yet, may not the style of a seer stultify his message? Mr. Doughty is the prophet of Patriotism, the "Britain bard,"

> Labouring with sacred fury, his chest oppressed,
> And oracles he of panting heart poured forth . . .

Wandering in the Muses' Garden, he has received the divine call:

> Thine office is, tó chant patriot hymns henceforth . . .

and it seems to him that it is his mission to rouse his country, "THE NEGLIGENT ISLE," to a sense of the wrath to come in the guise of "air-flying Eastlanders." In other words, *The Clouds* is a passionate plea for conscription. Though we do not count ourselves among those of whom Mr. Doughty says:

> The world to be a cherry-garden, won't such deem;

and though we bear in mind his admonition to

> At least refrain your mouths from cavilling speech,

we cannot forgo our right to question the authority of his prophetic inspiration. But no one can doubt Mr. Doughty's sincerity of conviction. As the high priest of militant patriotism, he makes Mr. Kipling seem merely an irreverent choir-boy.

Having said this, it must be our concern to consider if Mr. Doughty has given his message its most effectual shape. The characteristics of his poetic style are well known. His verse is stubborn stuff—uncouth, recondite, crabbed, stiff-jointed, strained, and tortuous, and yet at times astoundingly vigorous and vehement; and, every now and then, breaking into a startling beauty, like the fresh, April green on the boughs of a gnarled and Winter-writhen oak. Mr. Doughty's poetry is a forest of oak-trees; but we are afraid that the wayfaring man (to whom it is evidently Mr. Doughty's passionate purpose to appeal through this poem), even if he could be persuaded to turn into the thicket at all, would speedily lose his way; and bump himself blind and senseless against the overhanging boughs. To a prophet who burns to rouse his fellow-countrymen to instant action, a style so turgid, so preposterous (in the literal sense of the word) can be nothing but a hindrance. And, even when the sense is plain enough, it is difficult to see what virtue statements such as:

> I see march khaki clád ranks, them to meet,

or:

> I heard say, had been suspended in the night
> The railway passenger service; and the enemies'
> Air-flyers have cut the over-field telegraph wires,

or :

> The Admiralty and our War-office, mainly informed
> Are now, by air-flyers, and through wireless grams,

or :

> Come ! and he would me the soup-kitchen show,

gain by being forced into metre.

And such bathetic passages are by no means exceptional in this strange work. Surely, a straightforward prose cadence would have conveyed such plain statements more convincingly. Still, Mr. Doughty's poetry, at its knottiest, is preferable to the usual slithery stuff of the versifiers; and what can equal the surprise and refreshment of his garlands of young green—

> Like as Spring leaves, out of the golden bud !

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN. A play in eight scenes by WILLIAM WATSON. John Lane. 4*s*. 6*d*. net.

Mr. Watson's play is perhaps rather a dramatic poem than a poetic drama; yet from whatever standpoint we judge it it fails to be quite satisfactory. There are fifteen persons in the piece, but the attempt at characterisation is very slight, and the plot itself is unconvincing, the catastrophe being brought about in a somewhat unnatural manner. Moreover, the speech throughout, and particularly in the scene of the jewels, is descriptive rather than dramatic. Yet the verse has fine form, and the workmanship, from beginning to end, is as free from slovenliness as it is from purple patches. The main fault of the play is that it is founded on literature, and not on life. It is lacking in individuality, and is modelled far too closely on Shakespearean drama. The diction is Shakespearean; the humour of the clowns reminds us of the humour of Shakespeare's rustics; the interludes of prose are echoes of Shakespeare's prose; even the child, who makes but a couple of speeches, recalls the child in *Coriolanus*. There are Shakespearean portents and Shakespearean prophecies. Yet one hardly wishes to end one's criticism on such a note, for the excellence of the workmanship makes the thing very pleasant reading, and if the verse seldom quite quickens into poetry it is still good verse. There is not a line that could jar upon the most fastidious ear, and the whole performance is characterised by Mr. Watson's invariable refinement and good taste.

OXFORD POEMS. By H. W. GARROD. John Lane. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

The poems of which this little book is composed are disarmingly unpretentious, both in form and subject. Most are gently didactic—verses addressed to youth, and inculcating ideals of truth and honour in simple language and metre. Others are written in memory of a friend, or give expression to a perhaps not particularly profound thought; but all alike are marked by sobriety and sincerity. There are one or two infelicitous phrases which might have been corrected, as in the last line of the poem, 'To One who desired a Fellowship,' and Mr. Garrod ought not to rhyme "real" with "feel." The picture of Oxford life from a don's point of view, given in the verses I have mentioned, will hardly prove encouraging to youthful scholars.

The best poem in the volume is the one entitled 'West Africa.'

HARD LABOUR AND OTHER POEMS. By JOHN CARTER. New York, The Baker and Taylor Company.

Unquestionably piquant, this Reading-Gaol type of literature. Our heart throbs in sympathy with the prisoned lark pouring forth sweet melodies from behind the iron bars of his cage, though it is but the old, old story of "æsthetics and criminality." And Mr. Carter does it rather well; he is a realist; he contrives a first-class dungeon-atmosphere

resonant with the clank of authentic chains; he even prays, as did Mr. Charles Peace, for his fellow-convicts:—

> Haggard faces and trembling knees,
> Eyes that shine with a weakling's hate,
> Lips that mutter their blasphemies,
> Murderous hearts that darkly wait:
> These are they who were men of late,
> Fit to hold a plough or a sword.
> If a prayer this wall may penetrate,
> Have pity on these my comrades, Lord!

The first and best of these poems has already appeared in the pages of this REVIEW. They breathe a spirit of bitter acquiescence rather than Promethean defiance; there are hints of an Earthly Beloved shining somewhere beyond the confines of this gloomy under-world; and if the writer's attitude towards the Deity seems to alternate between revolt and cringing submission, he is not necessarily insincere, seeing that such fluctuations of mood are what might well be expected, on the part of an intellectual-felon.

Yet he can sing, too, of 'Sunset on the Dorset Coast,' and one is glad to think of him escaping, at last, from his shadowy Inferno,

a riveder le stelle.

THE BRIDE OF DIONYSUS. By R. C. Trevelyan. Longmans, Green & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

Many of the pieces in this book are acknowledged translations; and the rest of them read as if they were unacknowledged translations. The inspiration throughout is exclusively literary. Mr. Trevelyan makes no pretence of dealing with life at first hand. His verse never falls below a certain level of accomplishment—the dead-level of all such dignified, scholarly, poetical exercises. It has no positive vices; but, on the other hand, its virtues, too, are negative. The title-poem is the one half of a music-drama; and perhaps it is unfair to judge it without the music (maybe, its better-half), which might give it life. As it is, it almost attains to fervour in the incantation of Phædra, which opens the third act. But, amid so much correct, academic verse, how refreshing it is to come upon this little folk-song from the Italian:

> I went to Rome to see Saint Peter's church;
> But when to the first column I was come,
> I thought of thee, and straightway turned back home,
> And left the Pope and Peter in the lurch.

That may be doggerel; but it is delightfully direct; and, after all, has not divine poetry more in common with a doggerel folk-song than with the scholarly accomplishment of the "college poets"?

Although every precaution is taken, the Proprietors will not be responsible for the loss or damage of the manuscripts that may be sent in for consideration.